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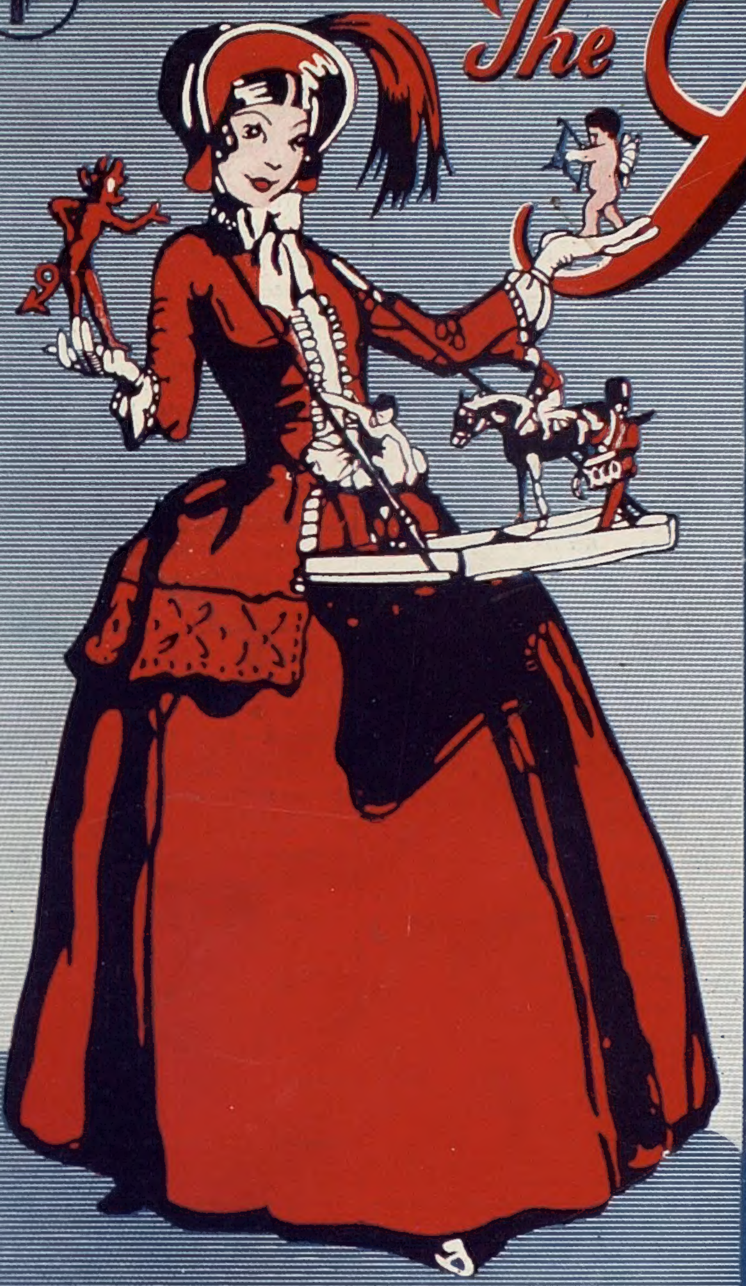
The Sketch



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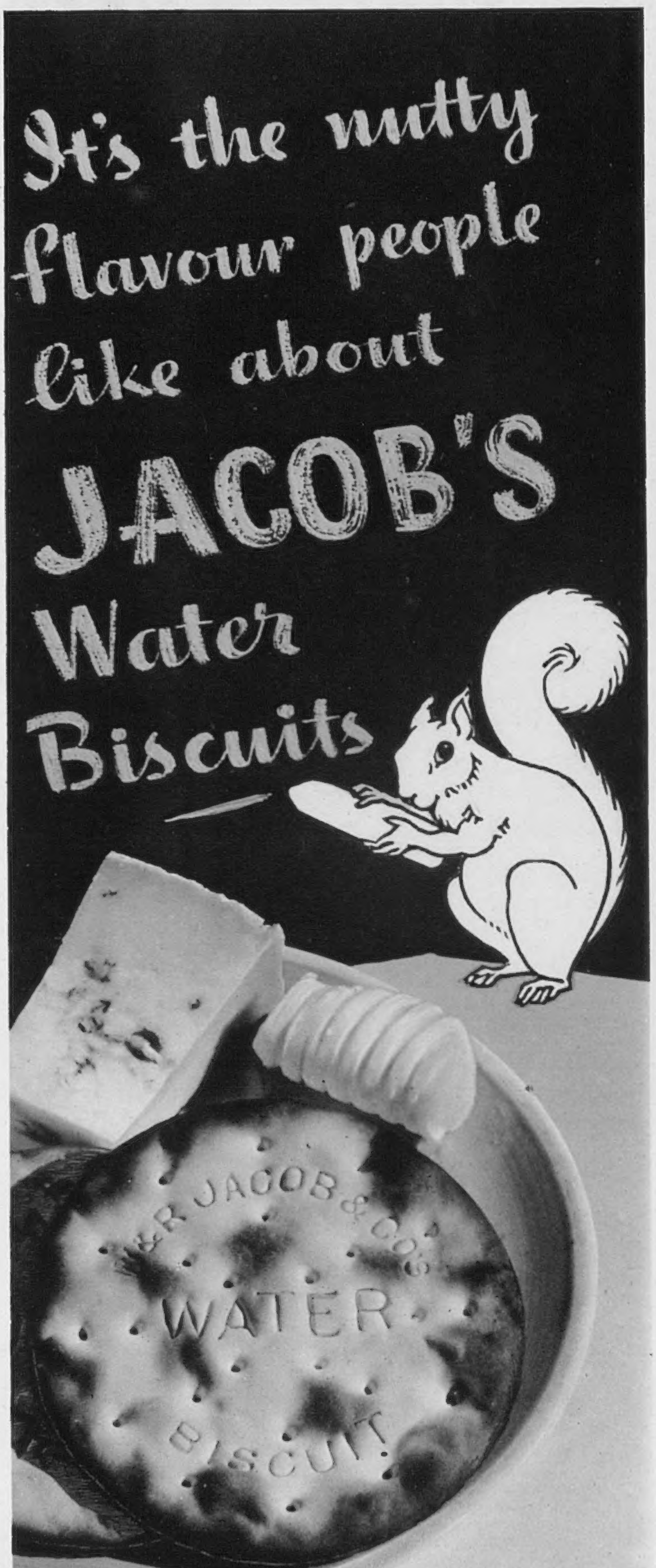

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The Sketch

No. 2315—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

CAMERA PORTRAIT BY DOROTHY WILDING.

MELBA'S GRANDDAUGHTER—1937 DÉBUTANTE.

MISS PAMELA ARMSTRONG, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Nesbitt Armstrong, of Coombe Cottage, Melbourne, Australia, and granddaughter of the late Dame Nellie Melba, the world-famous operatic star, is a débutante of the Season. She was presented at the Second Court by her mother.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

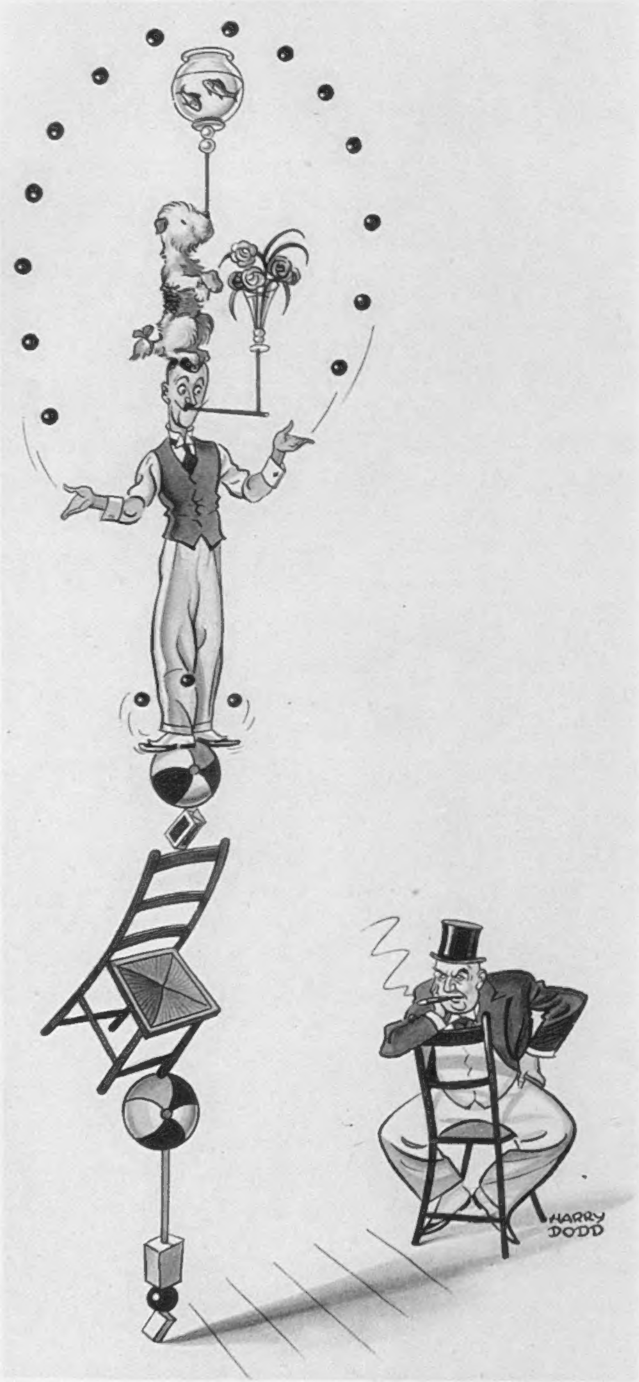
By ALAN KEMP.

LORD'S AND COMMONS.

CRICKET is obviously not what it was; like a famous periodical, I dare say, it "never has been what it was." It has lost a certain amount of liveliness and variety since the time, a hundred and fifty years ago, which all true cricketers are now commemorating, when an enterprising Scot, named Thomas Lord, acquired a piece of ground in St. John's Wood—a place of recreation which soon proved very popular, as it still does, not only with rank-and-file spectators like you and me, but with the nobility and gentry and high and mighty. They did not play the game just for fun in those days: there was some brisk betting among the Corinthians of sport, and every run might be worth a golden guinea. I don't regret that this commercial element has passed out of the game: I think we can very well do without Cricket Pools, and I do not grieve over the absence of a Silver Ring at Lord's and the Oval: but there have been times when I have wished that there were *some* inducement, whether guineas or a prod with a hat-pin or a charge of dynamite, to rouse batsmen out of the coma to which some of them are subject.

Another great advantage of Lord's in those distant days was that you could get a good deal more than cricket for your money. For the versatile sportsman there was archery as a side-show; there were also pigeon-shooting, hopping-matches, and sometimes even balloon-ascents. Why have these attractions been given up? I should simply love to see a hopping-match between, say, Sir Pelham Warner and Mr. H. D. G. Leveson Gower; and I can't imagine that either of those two gallant sportsmen would refuse the other's challenge. The presence of some of the senior members of the M.C.C. in balloons or parachutes over the wicket would lend much to the gaiety of the scene. Archery should certainly be revived. Many a time, when watching certain county batsmen opening an innings (*prising* it open, would be a more accurate description), I have longed for a bow and arrow—but only because fire-arms, I believe, are prohibited at Lord's.

They may have been a trifle odd to look at, those ancestors of the game, but they were "tall fellows of their hands." Most of them seem to have run to luxuriant whiskers, the last great exponent of the hirsute fashion being the Doctor himself. Arising out of that, it has always struck me that it was only the Victorian Age which could have produced two such personalities and two such beards as those of the Twin Titans, the Marquess of Salisbury and Dr. W. G. Grace. Whiskers were not the only uniform of the true cricketer; they played, as we all know, in top-hats and knee-breeches. It has always been a mystery to me how an outfielder sprinted after a ball in a top-hat, but I suppose there was a technique about it which was acquired by practice. I don't know the exact date at which some bold spirit, defying convention, first appeared on the cricket-field in flannels and negligé shirt; I expect it was as severely commented on by the old-timers as the tennis-shorts of to-day; but I do remember that when I first began to "follow" cricket, there were still a few conservative players who appeared on the field in starched white shirts, maintaining that they were cooler than the open-necked garment. We have yet to see shorts and sun-suits, on the county grounds, but doubtless they will come; and I can remember many a May, and even a June, in which a bathing-dress would not have been at all inappropriate for the summer game.

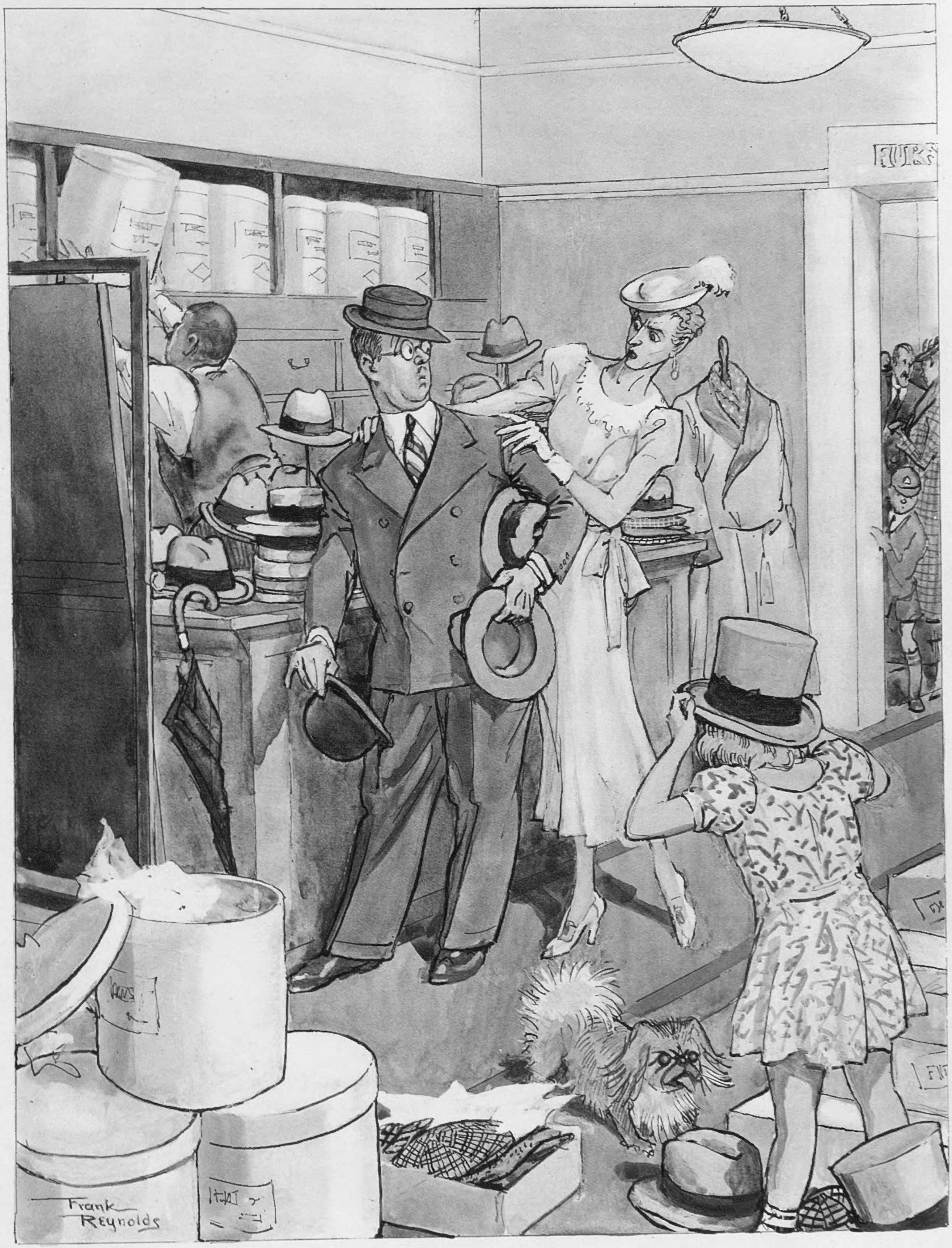


THE PRODUCER: "Yes, I think it's clever, but can't you make those goldfish do something?"

DRAWN BY HARRY DODD.

They had their little controversies in those days—even their body-line-bowling controversy. There was a good deal of pother about the new and unsporting practice of "throwing"—in other words, round-arm bowling—which was creeping into the game, and all the purists severely condemned it. A man like Squire George Osbaldeston, for example, had the greatest contempt for this ungentlemanly innovation. And "the Squire" knew what he was talking about. Bowling underarm, he was the Larwood of his day. He tells us himself (false modesty was never one of his weaknesses): "I could bowl faster than anybody at that time, and to give my readers an idea of the pace I could put on the ball, two stops were required behind the wicket-keeper to stop it." (Of course, they were padless and gloveless at that time.) "I could bowl across Lord's cricket-ground, from one end to the other, and sometimes when I bowled a man out, the bails were found fifteen or sixteen yards from the stumps." Once, in a match between Lord Frederick Beauclerc, Osbaldeston and Mr. Budd on one side and Lambert, Howard and Shearman, "the three best men in England," on the other, the Squire bowled his side to victory with a broken "small bone like a splinter on the top of the shoulder." This feat was achieved, however, only after "Lord Frederick had plied me with sherry till I was nearly drunk." The practice is not commended to county captains when their bowlers show signs of discouragement. It is, however, entirely in the tradition of Broadhalfpenny Down. Mr. Stephen Leacock complained that whenever, by a great effort of will, he determined to watch a cricket-match, he always found that the teams were having luncheon, tea, a few beverages on the field, or some other form of refreshment. At Broadhalfpenny Down, in its palmy days—according to John Nyren—refreshment was a very important department of the game. "What stuff they had to drink!" cries John ecstatically. "Punch! . . . good, unsophisticated John Bull stuff—stark—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! Sixpence a bottle! . . . Then the quantity the fellows would eat! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef."

So, you see, in those primitive times of tussocky wickets, and bats that looked like shillelaghs and of bowling which nowadays we associate with matches on the sands in August, cricket had its compensations. Personally, I think that it still has.



MRS. BRISTLEWOOD DISAPPROVES OF HER HUSBAND'S TASTE IN HATS.

"No, Percy! A thousand times no! It makes you look like a gangster!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

HEADED BY THE DUKE AND DUCHESS
GUESTS AT THE

LADY MILBANKE *(left)* and MRS. JAMES FIELD *were the organisers of the annual Derby Ball at Grosvenor House in aid of the Royal Northern Hospital. It was a brilliantly successful dance, attended by some 1500 people.* SIR JOHN MILBANKE, BT., *is in the centre of our photograph.*

Right: PRINCESS BISHNU OF NEPAL *was one of the distinguished guests present.*

This group consists of LADY URSULA MANNERS, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *and* MISS LIBBY HOLMAN, *the Torch Singer, who gave a performance.*

The EARL MARSHAL *and the* DUCHESS OF NORFOLK *at the dance.*

Right: The DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *the* HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON, *and* MRS. MICHAEL WARDELL *were present.*

The DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER *had supper with the* MARQUESS OF LONDONDERRY.

MRS. PETER THURSBY *(formerly Poppy Baring) is here chatting with the* DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.

Left: The DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, LADY ISOBEL GUINNESS, *and* MR. LOEL GUINNESS *had supper together.*

OF GLOUCESTER: DISTINGUISHED DERBY BALL.

Right: CAPTAIN ALFRED DUFF COOPER, *the new First Lord of the Admiralty, is shown with* LADY STANLEY.

LADY VICTORIA SCOTT, *the* HON. PETER BEATTY, *the* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, VISCOUNT COWDRAY, *and* LADY STANLEY *(l. to r.) are shown in this group.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *honoured the ball with her presence.*

MRS. WARD *was one of the guests.*

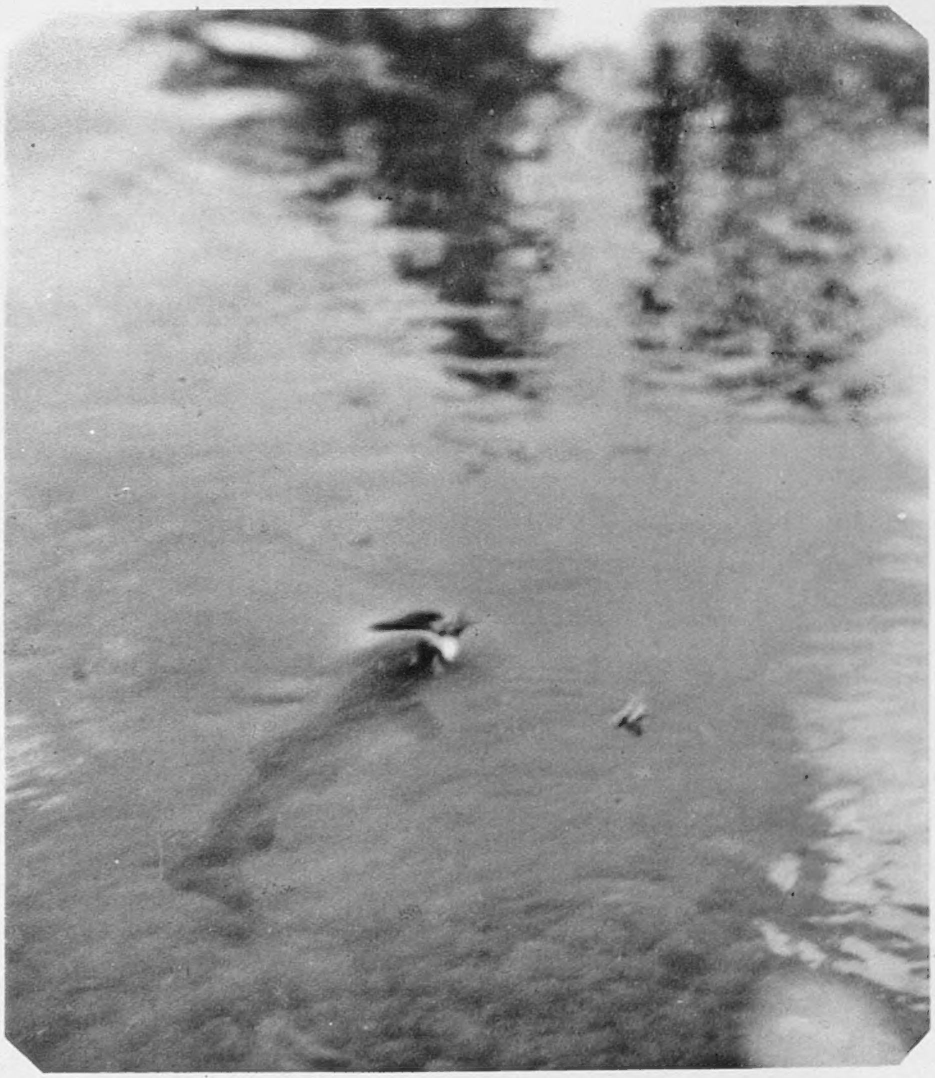
Left: H.H. THE MAHARAJA OF COOCH-BEHAR *is seen at supper with* COUNTESS HAUGWITZ-REVENTLOW *(formerly Barbara Hutton).* H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER *is in the background.*

VISCOUNT WEYMOUTH, VISCOUNTESS WEYMOUTH, *and the* HON. GEORGE WARD *(l. to r.) were guests.*

Right: The EARL OF ROSEBERY *is seen in conversation with the* HON. MRS. RICHARD NORTON *(left) and* MRS. MICHAEL WARDELL.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

AFTER spending an hour or more in a cramped position on the river bank, my friend, Mr. E. Towner Coston, succeeded in taking the unusual photograph reproduced on this page. The trout was, actually, not such a big one as it appears to be in the photograph, and probably weighed about ¾ lb., but it affords an excellent illustration of the way a trout takes a mayfly. Most people imagine that a fish takes a fly in much the same way as they take a mouthful of food. They overlook the fact that a trout cannot pick up the fly in its fin and pop it into its mouth. He has to do the whole trick with his mouth, and if he tried to make a bite at the fly it would be pushed out of his reach by the water expelled from his mouth. What he does do is to keep his mouth shut until he is close enough to the fly, so that he can draw in a mouthful of water with the fly on it. As he shuts his mouth he expels the water through his gills and the gill-rakers, acting like a sieve, retain the fly in his mouth. A glance at the photograph shows the hollow in the surface of the water and the mayfly riding down to an untimely end. Another and more fortunate mayfly may be seen sailing along six inches to the right of the vortex. It is not surprising that a trout sometimes misjudges the exact moment when he must open his mouth to draw in the column of water on which the fly is perched. Also, when the fly is an artificial one attached to a gut cast, the latter offers a definite impediment to the passage of the fly into the mouth of the trout unless it is parallel with his jaw. While fishing recently on the Amwell Magna Fishery, near Broxbourne, I watched the ineffectual efforts of a small dace to engulf a mayfly. There was no question about it being a very small dace, as I cast a fly over where it had risen and hooked it.



As described by Mr. Marston in his article, this remarkable photograph illustrates THE WAY A TROUT TAKES A MAYFLY. *It was taken by Mr. E. Towner Coston after he had spent an hour or more crouching on the river bank in order to get a good shot of a mayfly going to its untimely end!*

Trout-Feeding Problems.

Every year more anglers are concerned directly or indirectly with the problem of feeding hatchery-bred trout. The cost of trout food determines to a great extent the cost of the trout bought for re-stocking, and this is why many anglers are affected indirectly, whether they buy fish themselves or belong to a club. The price of dry food is so much cheaper and less likely to fluctuate than the price of fresh food that it would be ideal for the purpose if it gave equally good results. Unfortunately, it does not, and experiments have shown that fish can only be kept alive for a few months on dried foods. However, it was found that a very small amount of fresh food added to the dry diet made all the difference, and fish could be kept alive for long periods. A well-known American angler, Mr. Edward R. Hewitt, who is also well known in this country as the author of two first-rate books on salmon- and trout-fishing, set out to discover the unknown factor which was lacking in the dry food. After lengthy experiments he concluded that unoxidised phosphatides possibly represented the missing link, which he dubbed Factor H. He also found that phosphatides were available in the form of vegetable lecithin, made from soy bean. As a result of adding this in emulsion form to the dry food, Mr. Hewitt succeeded in prolonging the life of his trout double the time they subsisted on dry diet alone. Unfortunately, the trout then began to die from fatty livers and ulcers, so Mr. Hewitt has concluded that trout also require the antiscorbutic vitamin C. One imagines that trout reared on dry food might rise well to a dry fly.

Third Time Lucky.

Novice's luck was well illustrated recently on the River Usk by an incident experienced by the proprietor of "The Three Salmons" Hotel at Usk. Mr. C. R. Lundie, who participated in the proceedings, informs me that "mine host" was fishing the hotel water and having rather a hectic time unravelling over-runs and getting his minnow free when hitched up on the bed of the river and elsewhere. Mr. Lundie had caught a 20-pounder in the morning and, having no further success in the afternoon, he took down his rod about 5 o'clock and walked along to see how the beginner was faring. Soon after he arrived a fish took the minnow with a mad rush and "mine host" hung on like grim death; down went the point of the rod and the line parted with a report like the lash of a whip. Another trace was knotted on and the pool was fished again. After having worked some way down, there was a sudden drag and Mr. Lundie, guessing what had happened, gave instructions to reel in carefully, and as the minnow came up with the loose line he quickly removed the trace and knotted the line on. However, his efforts were doomed to failure, for again the fish was held hard as it went off with a rush and the line broke. Mr. Lundie considered it was time to pack up and go home, but was persuaded to try a few casts. Once again the loose line was brought to the bank, and on this occasion Mr. Lundie had ample time to knot it safely to the line on the reel. Directly the salmon felt the pull on the line it tried its previous tactics, but unsuccessfully, as Mr. Lundie played it carefully. In the end the salmon obligingly jumped into a bed of withies and solved the problem of getting it near enough to gaff. The fly dropped out directly the strain was off the line and an unlucky 21-pounder was carried back to the hotel in triumph.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

From May 24 to May 28, 94 trout, weighing 90¼ lb., were caught on Loch Cluanie by Mr. and Mrs. Mann, Surgeon Capt. Livesay, Major Caldwell, and Mr. Godfrey Shepherd.

While salmon-fishing on most rivers was poor during the week ending May 29, good sport was had on the Helmsdale by Colonel Borwick, Capt. Alfrey, Mr. Rippinghall, General Paynter and party, who landed a total of 23 fish. R. L. MARSTON.

The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

"THE LETTER."

"THE HARP."

"THE FLIRTATION."

"TROMPE-L'ŒIL," BY ROLAND PYM.

PAINTER and decorator Roland Pym carried out an unusual and amusing optical illusion in paint on BIDDESDEN HOUSE, ANDOVER, Mr. and Mrs. Bryan Guinness's country place in Wiltshire. On cemented false windows Mr. Pym painted romantic figures slightly under life-size to make them stand back a little. The background is black—to correspond exactly with the dark interior seen through the real windows—with bars painted on top. From a short distance "a very life-like effect is obtained," giving the impression of an inhabited house even when the owners are away! Biddesden is early Georgian, built on to a much older house, of which the tower is a part. It belonged at one time to one of Marlborough's generals, of whom there is a large painting on horseback in the house: rumour says when this is moved his ghost walks.

THE YACHTING SEASON OPENS: AT BEMBRIDGE AND COWES.

MISS ELIZABETH GRIGG *and* MISS NAN MELLOR *are among the yachtswomen who have been out and about at the Bembridge Yacht Club during the recent fine weather.*

MISS CLAUDE *and* MISS GILLIAN ELLES, *here seen at Bembridge, are daughters of Lady Elles.*

SIR ROBERT CHADWICK, BT., *and his daughter,* MRS. D'ARCY EDMONDSON, *were snapped leaving the Royal Yacht Squadron, Cowes.*

Right: Our delightful snapshot shows MR. *and* MRS. J. BACKHOUSE *at Bembridge.*

MAJOR *and* MRS. R. S. SAVILLE *at Bembridge Yacht Club on one of our recent sunny days.*

Right: Racing yachts jockeying for position at Bembridge.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR A. OWEN.

THEIR MAJESTIES AND THEIR DAUGHTERS CUT THE CAKES.

Right: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING *and* QUEEN *attended the Coronation Tea-Party of the "Not Forgotten" Association, for wounded ex-Service Men still in hospital, held in the Royal Riding School. The King is here assisting the Queen to cut one of the large cakes, watched by the Princesses. The Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Bowlby is on the left.*

Below: H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH *and* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET *cut the smaller iced cakes for the ex-Service Men guests. Princess Elizabeth is here watching her sister, Princess Margaret, attacking her cake with a very large knife.*

HELEN JACOBS ON COMING EVENTS.

THE result of the men's singles in the French Tennis Championship, examined from the standpoint of the Davis Cup matches, will have widespread repercussions. Almost without notice, except of those who have played against him, Henner Henckel has developed into a player of high championship calibre. Those of us who watched him win the doubles championship with Gottfried von Cramm realised, with considerable interest, that he was the stronger of the two; that in one year the faults had gone from his game; that he was no longer rash in the crucial stages of a match, but that he had learned to be wary, subtle and wise in his pressure.

MR. RONALD ELLIS, *the well-known Scottish lawn tennis player, whose engagement to Señorita Lizana has been announced, met his fiancée when they were both competing at Peebles.*

Henckel's Enormous Improvement.

It is true that a comparison between Henckel and von Cramm at the present time is unfair, because the latter is admittedly off his game, but even at that, one cannot help but see the great stability of Henckel's game; the enormous progress that he has made in a year of unostentatious practice. Whether it has been the natural maturing of his game, or the influence of the German professional, Nusslein, or both, that has produced a champion out of a player who was last year weak from inexperience, it is difficult to say, but it seems to me that the young German player has spent considerable time since last Wimbledon in an intensive study of the game.

The fact that he was able in three comparatively easy sets to dispose of "Bunny" Austin, whose game against the French player Petra was absolutely brilliant, removes a good deal of hope from England's Davis Cup team. Gottfried von Cramm was ordered back to Germany after the doubles event to rest before the Davis Cup matches, which makes it reasonable to suppose that he will certainly find his game by the time he needs it. With both von Cramm and Henckel at their best, it would not be surprising to see the Davis Cup move to Berlin.

SEÑORITA ANITA LIZANA *(left), the Chilean champion, defeated Miss Alice Marble in the final for the Middlesex title at Chiswick Park. Her engagement to Mr. Ronald Ellis was announced during the tournament. The marriage will not take place until next year, as she has undertaken to enter for the American Championships after Wimbledon and plans to return to Santiago for the winter. Here she is seen with* MISS NANCY LYLE, *learning tap-dancing steps to a radiogram.*

The Best Woman Player in Europe.

The victory of Hilde Sperling in the ladies' singles could have surprised no one who knows her game. The redoubtable German player is incredibly accurate and heart-breakingly steady on the hard courts of the Stade Roland Garros. I have never had anything but the greatest respect for her game on any court, but, if possible, it was increased by a discovery I made in Paris. We were having tea together during the tournament, and in the course of our conversation she asked me if I was bothered by my thumb, which I dislocated last summer. I replied that I was not, but that it was a somewhat awkward shape now. She then showed me her right hand. Many years ago she cut the last three fingers with a knife. The muscles of the little finger were severed, and the finger is almost at right angles to the palm of her hand. The other two fingers are less bent, but still she cannot straighten them. The curious grip and resulting stroke which she has adopted, and which, though awkward, are certainly effective, were virtually forced upon her. It is all the more remarkable that with this handicap she has been able to maintain her position as unquestionably the best woman player in Europe. The *pièce de résistance* of women's tennis is the Wimbledon title. I am perfectly convinced that Hilde will again be in the final, and if she does not win it, the winner will have to produce remarkable tennis.

To go back to the Davis Cup—the best round of the series will certainly be that between Germany and the United States, if the two teams meet in the inter-zone final, which I may be pardoned for taking for granted. And in view of Donald Budge's easy victory over Jack Crawford at Forest Hills in the matches against Australia, and "Bitsy" Grant's victory over John Bromwich, the Germans at their best will find it difficult to win. Much will depend upon how great a toll Wimbledon takes of the team members. As I have said before, it would not surprise me to see Donald Budge win the singles at Wimbledon, and if he does, the confidence it will give him may be the deciding factor. There seems to be no genius in the game of "Bitsy" Grant, but there is such indomitable determination that he is almost impossible to shake off. Last year he won a five-set match from Henckel, after the German player led by two sets. However, the nervousness which marked Henckel's play on that day seems now to be absent from his game.

A Great Doubles Player.

The women's doubles in the French Championships proved once again that in Billie Yorke England has one of the best doubles players of the present time. Billie is not always at her best over the long season she elects to play, but she always seems to be in form for the important matches. In the final round against Dorothy Andrus and Sylvia Henrotin in Paris, she started very badly, but worked out of her slump while Mme. Mathieu held the fort. While Mme. Mathieu is reliable and clever in a doubles, she prefers to remain in the back court during most of the match, and this is undoubtedly a handicap for her partner. There is always a hole to drive through against a team "one up, one back," and the fact that Billie is able to counteract this advantage to the opponents reflects all the more credit upon her.

With a shorter backswing and more experience, Mary Hardwick should fulfil the promise she gave two years ago of becoming England's leading woman player. At the present time she is too apt to use her strokes regardless in a match, thereby preventing herself from developing the subtlety and finesse essential in playing against the best of the first class.

SEÑORITA LIZANA *(right) and* MISS NANCY LYLE *are shown getting their balance for tap-dancing, which they are studying "between tournaments."*

There is not enough tendency among the women players to quicken their timing. Lili de la Valdene (D'Alvarez) hits the ball quicker than any other woman player I know, but she seems to lack the temperament to win a big tournament. The only player who has the temperament, and who hits the ball almost as early as Lili does, is Señorita Lizana. Yet she, lacking height and a good length of stride, cannot cope with the game of Hilde Sperling.

THE WEDDING OF MISS CHARMIAN FANE AND MR. RIVERS-BULKELEY.

The guests at the marriage of Miss Charmian Fane to Mr. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley included MRS. PHIPPS FOSTER, MISS FOSTER, *and* MISS DIANA BETHELL *(l. to r.).*

MISS "TINY" DENNISTOUN-SWORD *and* MISS IRENE MANN-THOMPSON *(right) were two of the decorative young guests.*

LADY JOAN COLVILLE *and* MR. E. N. BARROW *were among the guests.*

Left: MRS. STANLEY CAMERON *wore a fur coat over her summer dress.*

The marriage of MISS CHARMIAN FANE*, daughter of Major Henry and the Hon. Mrs. Fane, to Mr. Robert Rivers-Bulkeley, Scots Guards, only son of the late Captain T. H. Rivers-Bulkeley, was solemnised at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.*

Photograph by Fayer of Vienna, Dorland House.

MISS ZARA MAINWARING *and the* HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER *were two of the bridesmaids who attended Miss Charmian Fane.*

Left: MLLE. MASIREVICH, *daughter of the Hungarian Minister, and* MR. PAT HANBURY *arriving.*

MME. VINCENT PARAVICINI, *formerly Miss Lisa Maugham, and* MISS VIRGINIA GILLIATT *are seen leaving the reception.*

HUMOUR AND ROMANCE OF "STORM IN A TEACUP."

Mrs. Hegarty (SARA ALLGOOD) *has not paid her dog licence. The Police, under instructions from the pompous Provost, "arrest" Patsy (Scruffy).*

The fate of Patsy (SCRUFFY), *the mongrel dog owned by Mrs. Hegarty (Sara Allgood), is the pivot of the complicated plot of "*STORM IN A TEACUP,*" the London Film Production version of the stage play, at the Leicester Square Theatre. Patsy, who is "wanted," has been hiding in the oven.*

Left: URSULA JEANS *plays Lisbet Skirving, wife of the proprietor of the local newspaper.*

Hordes of mongrels are assembled outside the Provost's house as a protest by sympathisers with Mrs. Hegarty. Our group includes the Provost (CECIL PARKER), *Victoria* (VIVIEN LEIGH), *Lord Skerryvore* (ROBERT HALE), *Lisbet* (URSULA JEANS), *and Skirving* (GUS MACNAUGHTON).

Left: Mrs. Hegarty (SARA ALLGOOD), *enriched by the gifts of sympathisers, at the Law Courts for the trial, accompanied by Patsy.*

Right: The love-affair between Burdon, the young reporter (REX HARRISON), *and Victoria, daughter of the Provost* (VIVIEN LEIGH), *who are here posed with Patsy* (SCRUFFY), *complicates Burdon's attack on the Provost.*

SCRUFFY — DOG-STAR OF "STORM IN A TEACUP."

The important rôle of Patsy, the dog which causes the imbroglio that forms the plot of " STORM IN A TEACUP," *the London Film Production version of the play by Bruno Frank, is taken by the celebrated canine star* SCRUFFY, *who made his picture début in "Wharves and Strays." The film was due to have its gala première at the Leicester Square Theatre on Monday last, June 7, in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor.*

TALES WITH A STING.

FACE VALUE.

By F. MARSLAND REECE.

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

HOBSON removed a large paper parcel from his private deposit safe at the bank, and placed it in his attaché case. That parcel contained the fruits of two years' ingenious juggling with the bank's accounts—twenty-seven thousand pounds, carefully converted into currency notes as occasion had permitted.

Before leaving the bank, Hobson wrote a brief note to the effect that he had squandered twenty-seven thousand pounds of the bank's money, and that he was going to make atonement in the only way left to him. Inserting the note in an envelope addressed to the bank's Inspector, he placed it in a prominent position on his desk. Then he picked up his attaché case and left the building.

He felt perfectly calm. Mentally, he had rehearsed all this so often that his actions were almost mechanical. The pleasant weight of the case in his hand gave him a mild thrill, which increased in intensity as he allowed his mind to dwell on its contents. Twenty-seven thousand pounds. Freedom. Independence. No more fawning on wealthy customers, whilst he himself had to live in a modest service flat on a paltry few hundreds a year. All he need do was to lie low for a while—then he would start a new life, under a new name. Literally he would be a different man—and a wealthy one, too!

He turned into a small restaurant and ordered a meal. Gosh! He 'd quite an appetite. Must have good nerves; not like that fellow Milburn. Certainly Milburn had seemed windy last night. Supposing . . . just supposing he didn't turn up to-night at 7.30. . . . But, of course, that was impossible. Milburn would turn up all right—he 'd *have* to. Hobson glanced at his watch. Five-thirty. He lit a cigar and toyed with his coffee for another fifteen minutes—then he paid his bill and made his way homewards, still gripping his precious attaché case. Ten minutes later he had let himself into his flat.

There was nothing further he could do for at least another hour, and this forced inactivity rather got on his nerves. The fingers of the electric clock built into the modern fireplace moved with aggravating slowness, but at last they pointed to seven, and Hobson went into his bedroom.

On a chair beside the bed lay a suit-case partially filled with clothing. Into this Hobson transferred the parcel of banknotes from his attaché case. Then he quickly removed his shirt and underwear, and slipped them into the suit-case. Next, he resumed his suit, and over this his heavy overcoat, wrapping a thick muffler round his throat to compensate for the absence of his collar and tie. Snapping down the catches, he picked up the suit-case and, after a quick glance round the room, switched off the lights and went out into the cold darkness of an October night.

Some distance along the busy main thoroughfare in which his flat was situated he turned rapidly down a side-street. He was conscious of a heavy throbbing in his temples—the strain of carrying the heavy bag, he told himself. Still, the exertion was keeping him warm. A good thing, too, scantily attired as he was. He 'd be cool enough pretty soon—cooler than he wanted to be. He shuddered, and shifted the case to his other hand.

Presently he emerged into a still darker and utterly deserted street. Tall, silent warehouses faced one side: on the other, beyond a low wall, was the river, dismal and sullen, save where its murky waters reflected the dim lights on the bridge, some fifty yards to the right. Keeping in the shadow of the warehouses he walked to within a few yards of where the road he was in joined the one passing over the bridge, which carried a fair amount of traffic. Then he crossed to the river side of the roadway, where he was right in the shadow of the bridge, yet invisible to anyone actually upon it. He leaned over the wall. A rough embankment of cobblestones sloped towards the water. A few yards to the right was a flat, concrete "raft," about six feet square and protruding a foot above water-level. There were several of these rafts spaced at intervals, each carrying metal girders which curved in a series of arches to support the understructure of the bridge.

The wall was not more than four feet high, and Hobson quickly climbed over on to the cobbled embankment and scrambled gingerly down towards the nearest raft. A quick leap across the intervening foot or so of swiftly flowing water, and he was on it. He put down his suit-case and stood for a few moments, breathing heavily. Whew! So far, so good. The position was an ideal one in which to leave the suit-case, but at all costs he must recover his breath before the next move.

He tried to look at his watch, but the darkness baffled him. It had taken him rather longer than he had expected, or so it seemed. Suppose Milburn got tired of waiting—thought he had funked it. A momentary panic seized him. Almost at his feet the muddy water soughed and gurgled; overhead loomed the towering blackness of the bridge, crushing him. He could almost feel the *weight* of the pitch darkness about him, as if it were trying to force him down into the faintly luminous river sucking greedily beneath him.

With an effort he recovered himself, only to have his self-possession shattered again by the sudden roar of a tramcar above. He leaped to the embankment, and scrambled to the street, vaulting the low wall. Then he strolled with feigned casualness to the mouth of the narrow roadway, and turned into the somewhat brighter thoroughfare which crossed the bridge.

His heart was thumping against his ribs, but he forced himself to act according to plan. First, he sauntered on to the bridge and leaned against the parapet half-way across. For some time he remained thus, choosing his moment—then he saw his chance. The footpath was deserted, save for an approaching elderly woman some distance away. Surreptitiously he untied his shoelaces; then he slipped his overcoat off and, making sure the woman had seen him, climbed on to the parapet, kicked his shoes off into the river, and jumped.

The shock of the icy water against his perspiring body was terrific, and, moreover, the momentum of his fall carried him far beneath the surface. A horrifying thought flashed into his mind. Mud! He 'd no idea how deep the river was. Suppose it was comparatively shallow, and he stuck in its muddy bed. He struck out frantically. After what seemed an age he felt himself rising—slowly—slowly, until, when he felt that his lungs were ready to burst, his head broke the surface, and he was able to draw in the life-giving air again.

He had no time to float and recover his breath. His plunge had been taken from the up-stream side of the bridge, the idea being that he could swim diagonally across the current towards where he had left his suit-case on the raft, which was on the down-stream side of the bridge. A further advantage of this procedure was that he would be swimming under the bridge out of sight of the crowd, which would certainly collect when the old lady raised an alarm. Unfortunately, whilst under water he had drifted almost the complete width of the bridge, and therefore it became necessary for him to swim *straight across* the current in order to reach the raft and at the same time keep beneath the shadow of the bridge.

A powerful swimmer, he struck out strongly towards his objective, but his progress was slow. He had not a very great distance to cover, yet the current was maddeningly strong, and he was further handicapped by even the slight amount of clothing he wore. It would have been easy, of course, to go with the stream, land further down the bank, and then crawl back to his suit-case, but that would entail a terrible risk of his being spotted by someone on the bridge. The raft was now only a few yards away, but his arms felt like putty, and he was numb with cold. A last frantic effort brought him nearer . . . nearer still . . . his fingers touched the concrete. He grasped the edge and clung there, sobbing with exhaustion.

Time was precious, and after a few agonising attempts he managed to hoist himself on to the concrete structure. Thank God nobody had dived in to search for him, but it would not take more than five or six minutes for them to bring lanterns and boats from higher up the river. He forced his trembling limbs to further action, and groped in the gloom where he had secreted his suit-case. Finding it, he lifted the lid and felt for a rough bath-towel which he had placed handy on top of the other contents. Assured that it was there, he stripped to the skin, dithering

[Continued on page xviii.

* *All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MRS. G. B. MILLER and MRS. F. NAGLE—the Former for Being the First Woman to Win a Real Derby; the Latter for Being her Woman "Second."

Racing history was made in the Coronation Year Derby, for it was the first occasion that the race had been won by a woman owner at Epsom, though Lady James Douglas won a war substitute Derby at Newmarket with Gainsborough. This year not only did MRS. G. B. MILLER *win with her Mid-day Sun (Solario—Bridge of Allan), ridden by Michael Beary and trained by Fred Butters, but* MRS. F. NAGLE'S *Sandsprite (Sandwich—Wood Nymph) was second. Mrs. G. B. Miller, who is shown leading her horse in, posed with him by the weighing-room, and with her husband at Gangers Common, their home near Romsey, owns the horse with her mother. —Mrs. F. Nagle, whose portrait is on the right, lives at Sulhampstead, near Reading. She is chairman of the Ladies' Kennel Club, and owns 100 dogs. Three years ago she started her racing stable and Sandsprite is the first foal she has bred. She is the daughter of the late Sir George Watson.*

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

MR. DUDLEY DELEVINGNE, LADY SIBELL LYGON, LADY MARY LYGON, MISS HUMBERT, *and* MRS. R. O. WILLIAMS *are the members of this happy group in the sunshine at Cannes.*

THE open-air outing provided by racing at Epsom helped to keep us in condition for the heavy round of gaiety which occupied every evening last week—and what fun it all was! The party spirit of Coronation season is a genuinely festive one, and there 's enjoyment and gaiety at even the grandest of the receptions and banquets which form our daily round and common task. Just to give you an idea of the full-time affair that social life provides in 1937, I 'll take you around with me on the evening which began the week, Monday, the last day of May.

I started off with the Coliseum for the gala performance of the Ballets de Monte Carlo, directed by M. René Blum, brother of the French Premier.

MRS. GUY BEAUCHAMP, *here posed in the sea at Juan-les-Pins, is voted one of the most attractive people at that delightful place.*

Their season, indeed, opened with a flourish, for the first performance, in aid of the summer camp for Russian children, brought together a most distinguished audience, with a distinctly pre-revolutionary Russian flavour about it. Even the programme was adorned with the double-headed eagle of the Tsars, and was tied with black and yellow ribbons, the colours of the Imperial House. Russian was heard all over the auditorium.

. . . .

Queen Mary, looking magnificent, dressed all in white and simply blazing with diamonds, was most interested, and, from the Royal Box, followed the whole performance through her lorgnette. The Duchess of Kent, also in white, looked *chic* and lovely as ever, and in the next box sat the Grand Duchess Xenia of Russia, another handsome figure in white, and so pale that her magnolia-like skin accentuated the Duke of Kent's sunburn. He was seated next to her during the first part of the show, and then joined his mother and wife in the adjoining box.

White was the prevailing wear amongst the audience. It is, in fact, the most fashionable thing for evening dresses just now. Lady Mary Walker, Chairman of the Committee, was in a snowy frock, and so were Mrs. Charles Cartwright, blazing with magnificent pearls and diamonds, and Miss Oggie Lynn, who was seated in the dress circle. Lady Ravensdale, on the other hand, provided a touch of colour with her brilliant blue sequined dress, and Princess Marina Chavchavadze chose red. Mr. Noel Coward, looking thin and sunburned, was in the stalls and received a round of applause from the audience when he first came in. Lord Tredegar, not often seen at the theatre, was another patron, and the Austrian Minister had some friends in his box and went about visiting others during the intervals.

. . . . .

The Duke and Duchess of Kent's next engagement was at South Africa House, to which they went for the reception given by the High Commissioner for South Africa and Mrs. te Water. When they arrived, every corner of the magnificent building was already packed, for the reception had started at 9.30 and many guests came punctually. Mrs. te Water looked extremely well in a soft pink frock, with a sash of a deeper shade, and she must have felt well satisfied with the party, for everything was most beautifully done. Buffets were set up at many different points, and in one of the larger rooms an entire table was set apart for South African fruit, which was arranged in great baskets, piled high with grapes, pineapples, and pears. I saw Lord Hutchison of Montrose peeling a pear with the greatest skill and delicacy for his wife; and we all enjoyed slices of pineapple cut from any one we chose to select. It was amusing crossing the room to take your "dessert," and the arrangement was very useful in keeping guests on the move.

. . . . . .

On arrival at South Africa House I saw Lord Cecil of Chelwood talking to the Duchess of Devonshire, who wore white and gold with her famous largest diamond tiara. Next I met Captain Duff Cooper, the Hailshams, who were on the point of leaving, and other notabilities.

The Prime Minister for the Union of South Africa, General Hertzog, was the guest of honour, and all the Ministers representing the Union at the Imperial Conference were present. We admired the charming fountain at the foot of one flight of stairs and bent to see the pink water-lilies floating in it, and felt envious over the cases of wonderful ostrich feathers. The ballroom was full when I arrived, and both the Duke and Duchess of Kent danced, much to the delight of the hundreds of guests. Mrs. Neville Chamberlain was there, in pale pink, but I did not see the Prime Minister. Lady Maureen Stanley, in gold, looked in, and had a chat with Lord Hewart, and I also saw the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, she in a filmy black tulle dress, with a diamond bandeau in her hair.

The HON. PATRICK BALFOUR, LADY MARY LYGON, *and* MR. DUDLEY DELEVINGNE *lined up to face the camera at Le Lavandou, in the South of France, where Mr. Balfour is busy on his next book.*

. . . . . .

From South Africa House, I and many distinguished persons set out for the Derby Ball, which started very late, as most of the *chic* crowd who attended it had been to dinners and a reception or two before turning up. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester arrived at the ball at about half-past eleven, she looking charming with a light, pointed diamond tiara and a white and gold dress. They came down into the ballroom at Grosvenor House with Lady Milbanke and the Duchess of Buccleuch,

The COMTESSE DE VILLENEUVE *and the* MARQUIS DE PREMOREL *were snapped at Juan-les-Pins. The Comtesse will be remembered by Londoners for the wonderful parties she gave at her house in Deanery Street.*

both in black, and with Mrs. James Field, who wore midnight-blue pailletted tulle with a tiara head-dress of leaves *en suite*.

One of the Ward twins (George, I think) was escorting Miss Merle Oberon, and a minute afterwards I met Mrs. Corrigan, in a stiff white tulle dress, with a bold black pattern embroidered over it; and after that, celebrity after celebrity met my eye, for literally everyone was there, as they always are at this very successful effort for the Royal Northern Hospital organised annually by Lady Milbanke.

. . . . . .

The Duchess of Sutherland was in pale-blue satin, Lady Weymouth in white, with a tailored coat with red embroidery on the sleeves; Countess Haugwitz-Reventlow in pale blue, with wonderful jewels; and Lady Brownlow, so slim that she looked about an inch through, in white satin, with her fair hair very smooth and sleek. Lord Londonderry danced with the Duchess of Westminster; the Duchess of Marlborough looked like a young girl, in a black tulle dress, with a most becoming rose-coloured tulle scarf and roses in her corsage; and Lady Feversham's off-white crinkled crêpe was exceedingly smart. The ball has again beaten its own record for numbers, and the dance-room was so closely packed that one could hardly move round.

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But last week Epsom was the topic of the hour, and it was extremely smart on the Tuesday as well as the great Wednesday, the Thursday, and the Friday (it was hard for racing parents to have to choose between the Oaks and the Fourth of June at Eton!).

I seldom remember seeing a larger crowd on Derby Day, and everyone was thrilled when the whole Royal Family arrived. Every one of them, with the exception of the Queen and Queen Mary, came down into the paddock, walking from the Royal Box right down the course in two big parties. There was a family circle air about this gathering of the King, his brothers, and his sisters-in-law which roused special enthusiasm, and they all seemed extremely interested in the racing. The King came out with Lord Harewood and the Grand Duke of Hesse, the Princess Royal, Prince Arthur of Connaught, and members of the suite. They were followed by the Dukes of Gloucester and Kent and their Duchesses, with Mrs. Arthur James in their party. They spread out in "open formation" as they came along, so that everyone could see them quite distinctly.

. . . . .

The Queen's pale harebell-blue, with feathers in her hat and a blue fur collar, was most becoming, and Queen Mary's mushroom-pink dress was worn with a toque of the style which suits her so well, adorned with a brush of pleated tulle at the side. She kissed the Queen affectionately when she got out of the car, and joined her and the King, who had arrived just before her. Most of the women wore printed crêpes, but in light colours when not in the classic navy and white; and white hats were the choice of the smartest. The Begum Aga Khan, as usual, was one of the best-turned-out women. Her long coat of figured cloqué was in red, white, and blue, worn over a bright royal-blue dress and with a smart French sailor.

MRS. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN *is the wife of the new Prime Minister. She was Miss Annie Vere Cole, and is the daughter of the late Major W. U. Cole and of the late Mrs. Herbert Studd.*

PORTRAIT BY BERTRAM PARK.

. . .

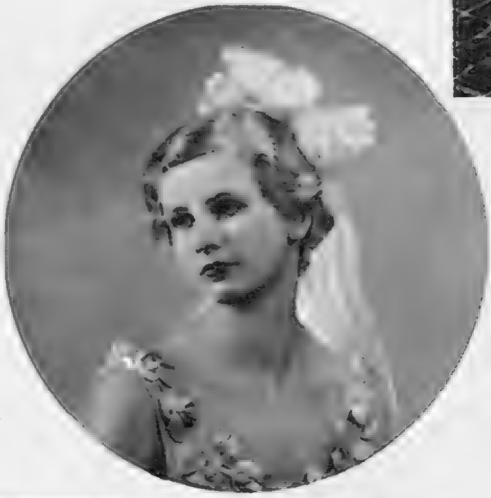
The Duchess of Kent's navy and white two-piece was made with a rather short dress and a coat nearly to the hem of it, and was worn with a very neat, plain, dark-blue straw. The Duchess of Gloucester wore a large black hat with a huge bow of yellow ribbon to carry out the colour scheme of her printed crêpe dress and yellow coat.

Duchesses were everywhere! I saw their Graces of Norfolk, Marlborough, Roxburghe, Buccleuch (with a huge cartwheel hat in rust-coloured straw, worn with a dove-grey ensemble), and Westminster (smart in a grey and white print, with a grey coat and a marvellous turned-up sailor hat in dark elephant-grey). One of the most striking racegoers was the Alake of Abeokuta, who came with a large suite and walked about under an enormous red velvet umbrella which one of his staff held over his head. He was accompanied by his daughter, who wore a blue silk robe draped rather like a Roman toga.

. . .

Derby night festivities in London included the brilliant dinner-party at Londonderry House given for the Queen while the King was entertaining the Jockey Club members. Her Majesty wore a lovely white tulle dress embroidered with iridescent sequins and a diamond bandeau, and the Duchess of Gloucester chose white lace. The other guests included the wives of the members of the Jockey Club. Lady Astor wore black lace and a diamond tiara; Lady Stanley was in pink satin; the Duchess of Norfolk chose silver and white; and the Duchess of Portland was an outstanding figure in pale-blue tulle, with a feather wrap *en suite*. After dinner, guests were invited for a film show and dancing.—MARIEGOLD.

Last week LAURENCE OLIVIER *and* VIVIEN LEIGH *appeared with the Old Vic Company in their production of "Hamlet" in the Danish Prince's "home town," Elsinore. The tragedy was presented in Kronborg Castle, where this dress-rehearsal photograph was taken. The inclement weather prevented the first performance being held there.*



MISS FELICE ("BUNTY") GREVILLE *is the débutante daughter of the Hon. Maynard and Mrs. Greville and granddaughter of Frances, Countess of Warwick. She was presented at a recent Court by Lady Marjorie Beckett.*

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT *was godmother to the infant daughter of* LORD *and* LADY HERBERT *(left and right of H.R.H.), who was christened at Lambeth Palace Chapel and received the names of* DIANA MARY. *Lord Herbert is an Equerry to the Duke and Lady Herbert is the Duchess's Lady-in-Waiting.*

MISS ELIZABETH DUNN is the niece of Mrs. Ralph Philipson, who recently gave a dance for her. She is the sister of Mr. Jackie Dunn, the skater.

MISS JOYCE LEIGH (daughter of Mrs. Claude Leigh) and MR. TONY HUNTER were dance guests.

MISS ROSALEEN FORBES, *seen with* MR. CHARLES ALVAR HARDING, *is the débutante daughter of Colonel the Hon. Donald Forbes.*

MISS ANNE CHRISTIAN *is posed between (left)* MR. DENNIS FITZGERALD *and (right)* VISCOUNT ANSON *(Grenadier Guards).*

MISS MINNA MARY ROYDS, *débutante daughter of Lady Royds.*

The DUCHESS OF LEINSTER, *with a net veil on her hair.*

MISS MOLLY CAYZER, *younger daughter of Sir Herbert Cayzer, Bt.*

MISS MARGERY DUNCAN, *débutante daughter of Mrs. Walter Duncan.*

LADY ELIZABETH TOWNSHEND *with* MR. PIM CADMAN. *Lady Elizabeth is the sister of Marquess Townshend.*

The HON. SYBIL BERRY, *daughter of the late Lord Buckland, with* MR. KENNETH MACKENZIE.

GUESTS AT A DÉBUTANTES' DANCE.

DAUGHTER OF THE RETIRED PRIME MINISTER: THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD.

THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD is the second daughter of Sir Stanley Baldwin, the recently retired Prime Minister, who has just been created an Earl and a Knight of the Garter. Her husband is the only brother of Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal.

NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH VIVEX PRINT BY MADAME YEVONDE.

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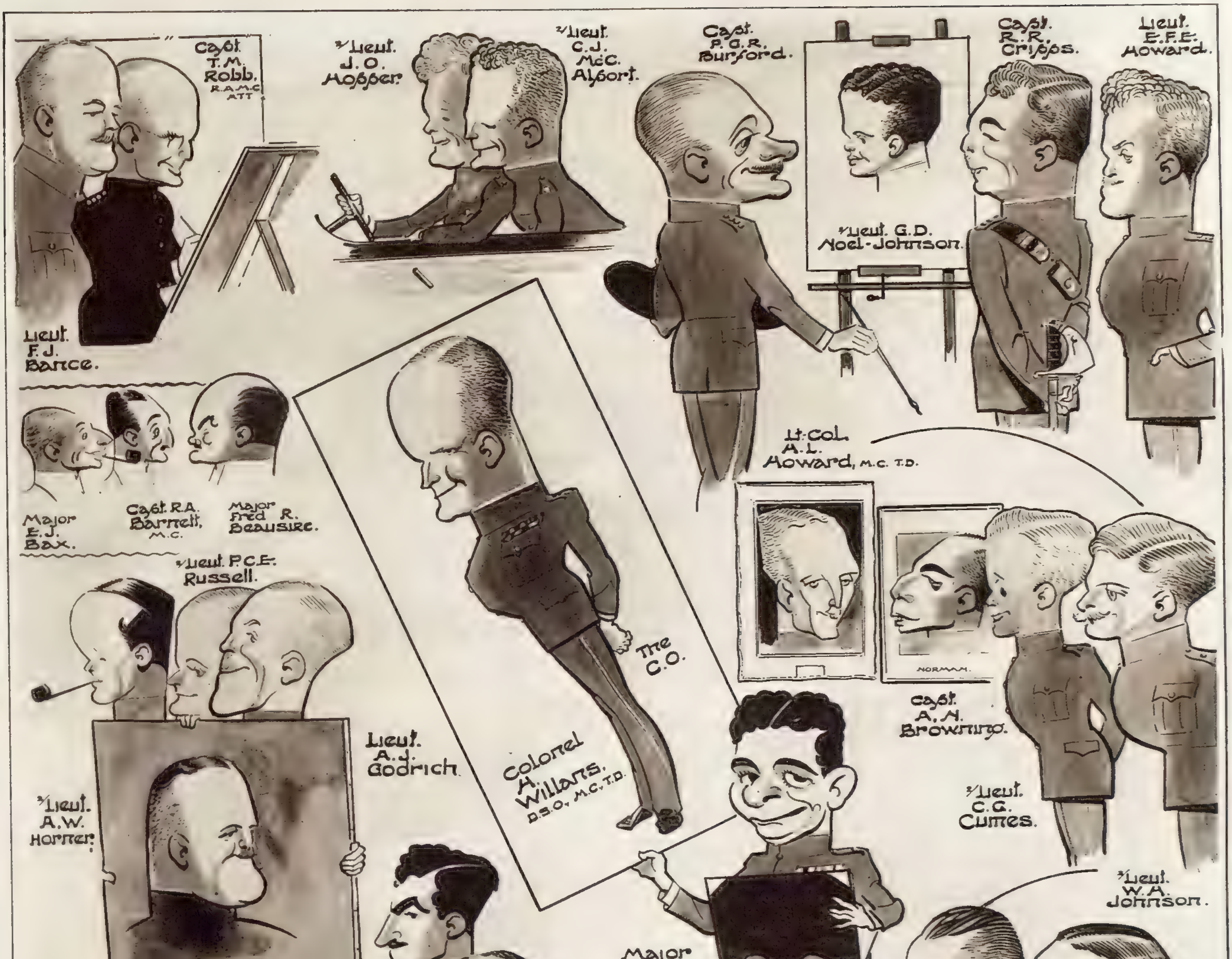

CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

NIGHT OUT WITH THE ARTISTS' RIFLES.

October 1914 saw the 28TH LONDON REGIMENT *(Artists' Rifles) in France, attached to the 63rd Royal Naval Division. Almost immediately they were called upon to supply officers to replace casualties in the Regular Army, which was easily done. Though in no sense an O.T.C., the Regiment, recruiting from the public schools and the professions, naturally makes a good nursery for officers. The Artists' Rifles is one of London's most distinguished Territorial Regiments. Its first H.Q. was Burlington House, Lord Leighton, P.R.A., being C.O. The present C.O. is Colonel Willans. The Regiment will do its annual training at Lympne in July and August.*

"LES ELFES" had its London première at the gala first night of the season of the Ballets de Monte Carlo, directed by René Blum, at the London Coliseum, which was attended by H.M. Queen Mary and T.R.H. the Duke and Duchess of Kent. It is a ballet in one act by Michel Fokine to the Mendelssohn "Midsummer Night's Dream" music. In the front, slightly to the right, may be seen NANA GOLLNER, the new ballerina, and MICHEL PANAIEFF.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLYN SEVERN.

This fine photograph of "LES ELFES" shows (from l. to r.) MICHEL PANAIEFF, W. KOSTENKO supporting NANA GOLLNER, and MAX KIRBOS.

PHOTOGRAPH BY MERLYN SEVERN.

THE NEW BALLET DANCED BEFORE QUEEN MARY:

NANA GOLLNER, *the remarkable young American dancer, is the new ballerina who, according to Mr. Arnold Haskell, is "clearly one of the aristocrats of the dance."*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON

"LES ELFES"; WITH GOLLNER, AMERICAN BALLERINA.

The DUKE and DUCHESS OF BUCCLEUCH.

Right : The ALAKE OF ABEOKUTA with HIS DAUGHTER.

MR. and MRS. MURRA
Smith was M

Right : LADY ZIA WERNHER and LORD JOHN HOPE.

A very large royal party attended Epsom for the Coron
by Mrs. G. B. Miller and Mrs. Talbot, with Mrs. F.
Duc third. Our group shows (l. to r.) H.M. QUEEN MA
GLOUCESTER, H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, H.R.H.
The Princess Royal w

The DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND and the COUNTESS OF DURHAM.

Left : EARL and COUNTESS BEATTY with a friend (right).

Right : LADY SIBELL LYGON, MRS. ABEL SMITH and CAPTAIN ROLLO (l. to r.).

MID-DAY SUN'S CORONATION

..SMITH. Mrs. Murray-
..s Ulrica Thynne.

Left: The COUNTESS OF JERSEY and the EARL OF DURHAM.

The HON. W. W. ASTOR *and* MISS SYLVIA LLOYD THOMAS.

Left: LORD GILLFORD *and* MISS DIANA BETHELL.

*..ation Year Derby, which was won by Mid-day Sun, owned
.. Nagle's Sandsprite second, and the Aga Khan's Le Grand
..,* H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT, H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF
.. THE DUKE OF KENT, H.M. THE QUEEN *and* H.M. THE KING.
..as also in the royal party.

LORD *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE.

Left: The EARL OF DUDLEY *and* VISCOUNTESS LONG.

Right: H.H. *the* BEGUM *and the* AGA KHAN.

DERBY DAY KALEIDOSCOPE.

THE FIRST OF THE 1937 JUNE WEDDINGS.

Left: JOHN *and* JAMES ORMROD, *twin sons of Mrs. M. S. Ormrod, were pages to their cousin, Lady Sylvia Maitland, at her marriage to Lord Carew. They wore the uniform of The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; period 1820.*

The BISHOP OF LONDON, *who has announced his intention of retiring before 1939, officiated at the marriage of* MISS JOAN WEBBER, *only daughter of Brig.-Gen. N. W. Webber, to* LT. HENRY NEVILE REID, R.N., *second son of Mr. Nevile Reid, which took place at All Saints', Fulham.*

VISCOUNT MAITLAND, *brother of Lady Sylvia Maitland, and* VISCOUNTESS MAITLAND, *formerly Miss Helena Perrott, at the Carew wedding.*

The marriage of SIR CHARLES ROSE, BT., *the well-known airman, of Hardwicke House, Goring, to the* HON. PHŒBE PHILLIMORE, *daughter of Lord Phillimore, was solemnised at the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, Shiplake, Oxon. The bride wore a gown of white moiré satin.*

The marriage of LADY SYLVIA MAITLAND, *only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lauderdale, to* LORD CAREW, *The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster. The bride, who wore a gown of gold brocade, was attended by eight children and three grown-up bridesmaids.*

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GRETA RANEE . . . . By Ward Binks
Greyhound Derby Winner 1935.

Greta Ranee won the Greyhound Derby at White City in 1935, being the first bitch in greyhound racing history to achieve this feat. She has been mated with Mick the Miller (the world's most famous greyhound) and is now the mother of seven young track aristocrats —probably the most celebrated litter in the world to-day. The Greyhound Derby takes place this year on Saturday June 26th.

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"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE"—THE EX-CONVICT'S TRAGEDY.

"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE," *the new Walter Wanger picture at the London Pavilion, is a thrilling story of the ex-convict who intends to go straight but gets suspected of a grave offence he has not committed. This scene shows the salving of the armoured car in which the real culprit escaped.*

Eddie Taylor (HENRY FONDA) *gets possession of a gun on the eve of the day fixed for his execution and, using Dr. Hill* (JEROME COWAN) *as a shield, hides in the fog-shrouded prison yard.*

Eddie Taylor (HENRY FONDA), *the ex-convict, starts a new life as a lorry-driver. He is with his devoted wife Joan* (SYLVIA SIDNEY).

Father Dolan (WILLIAM GARGAN) *pleads with Eddie* (HENRY FONDA) *to drop the gun. Dr. Hill* (JEROME COWAN) *is in the centre.*

The million-dollar bank robbery with violence is carried out by an unknown man in a gas-mask, but Eddie (HENRY FONDA) *is suspected of being the dangerous and reckless criminal.*

Eddie (HENRY FONDA) *ex-convict, but falsely accused of the bank robbery, begs his wife, Joan* (SYLVIA SIDNEY), *to flee with him. She persuades him to stay, in order to clear his name.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

WHAT became of the unfortunate son of Louis Seize, who, as a boy, was imprisoned during the Terror? Some say he was safely got away to the Seychelles. Others that he perished in his Parisian gaol. Others that he escaped to England. Mr. Emlyn Williams, author of "HE WAS BORN GAY," in which Mr. John Gielgud made his return to London at the Queen's Theatre, votes for England, home, and duty as a music-master. His romantic play equips the young Prince with a nice command of English and Mozart, and sends him, under the name of Mr. Mason, to teach the pianoforte to a gushing girl in Dover whose looks are as poor as her heart is warm.

It seems that numerous scamps were pretending to be Dauphins round about the time of Napoleon's decline and fall, and along they come to Dover to meet the real thing, who is (I am not quite sure why) busily concealing his august identity. Royal blood in lackey's clothing (and receiving the lackey's meed of snubs and rebuffs) is always a favourite theme of romance, but Mr. Gielgud, as the music-master suppressing his desires for crown and country, had far more tact than to exploit the sentimentality which the situation suggests. He gave a noble and moving expression of the young man's hopes and fears: he was at once ambitious and neurotic; the persecution of himself and of his parents in the terrible past left him liable to haunting fears and vivid apprehensions. He retained a form of prisoner's madness along with his proud and passionate impulse to see and rule his nation once again. Also, his Mr. Mason showed a ready wit, and could break out, like that other Dauphin, Hamlet, with sallies swift and shrewd.

MME. KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD, *who has already thrilled Covent Garden this season with her Brünnhilde, was due to make her first London appearance as Senta, in "Der Fliegende Holländer," on Monday last, June 7, and is to be heard in the part again on Friday, June 11. The opera is being given with new settings by the famous Dr. Emil Preetorius.*

There, needless to say, was a grand Gielgud part, and the part, needless to say, was grandly played. The play, however, was a good deal less than the performance and was soon withdrawn. Its events are so unlikely that they defeat even our most strenuous efforts towards suspension of disbelief. Yet, we must concede a good deal to an author who is frankly writing "a romance," and Mr. Gielgud's effort to hold the play firmly together and give its unlikely narrative a persuasive quality was well supported by his company. Miss Carol Goodner—an actress of brilliant versatility whom I never recognise without a glance at the programme, because she can totally alter her aspect and personality at will—led the ladies; and a party of gentlemen which included Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, Mr. Frank Pettingell, and the author, Mr. Emlyn Williams, were supporting; but good acting could not secure a run.

Mr. Elmer Rice's piece, "JUDGMENT DAY," which started at the Embassy and has moved to the Strand, combines the attractions of melodrama, which it modestly styles itself, with the authenticity of a play about contemporary life. We have lately read a good deal about sensational trials for treason in totalitarian states, states in which not to belong to the ruling political party is almost to confess oneself an outlaw. That these trials have a background of espionage and paid informers is hardly denied. The state, it is said, must use every weapon against those who seek to destroy it. The argument and the methods are employed by dictators of all types: the colour of the shirt does not affect the technique of liquidating the opposition. Accordingly we see the trial of two prisoners accused of conspiring to murder the Leader. They are innocent, but the fact that they belong to the Popular Party almost chops off their heads before the trial begins. Mr. Elmer Rice has wisely prevented the trial from being wholly a farce by differentiating the types of judges. The President of the court and one other are devotees of justice, but infirm of purpose, while the eldest judge is wholly dedicated to truth and equity. So the gaps and contradictions in the prosecution's evidence are duly noted, and the issue is kept in doubt with a proper realisation of dramatic suspense.

Mr. Murray Macdonald's production makes the piece go with a series of real bangs, but the melodramatic quality, which gives it entertainment value, does not submerge the genuine feeling for truth and justice. The whole affair is most prudently arranged. There are thrills, horrors, and a happy ending. There is an indictment of dictatorship—but it might be Red, Brown, or Black. There is a good trial scene with comedy as well as pathos "in the box"—trial scenes always go well—and there is also a close relevance to modern life which gratifies those who want plays to be something more than vehicles of escape. There are first-rate performances by Miss Catherine Lacey, Miss Freda Jackson, Mr. Eric Berry, and a whole host of judges, bullies, spies, police whom it would be invidious to separate.

A little piece which I saw at the Arts Theatre Club and which is certain to gain promotion to a public theatre—though it should not be as large as the Hippodrome or Coliseum—was "PEOPLE IN LOVE," by Mr. Arthur Reid. I had not heard of this dramatist before, but I shall surely hear of him again, for he turns a very neat line and has a clever way of making a very little plot suffice to keep us entertained. His lovers are four: he adds, as a sort of non-playing captain, as they say on the golf-links, a grave banker who, though poetically inclined, is himself invulnerable, and the part is very well played by Mr. Henry Hewitt. It all begins with that familiar figure, the burglar of charm, a distressed gentleman who enters my lady's chamber with a view to profit and is invited to remain as a reward for good manners—or is it good looks? Mr. Cyril Ritchard and Miss Ena Burrill played their way through this introduction charmingly and there were also a nice, stodgy fellow (Mr. Jack Allen) and a dashing, scatter-brained rattle (Miss Ellen Pollock) to make a four. The playgoer who values money's-worth in terms of plot, big scenes, lavish spectacle, or flow of ideas will not think a great deal of "People in Love." But for those who enjoy a small thing well turned out, here is unquestionable entertainment.

An at-home photograph of MME. KIRSTEN FLAGSTAD *(in private life, Mme. Johanssen) with her seventeen-year-old daughter* ELSE.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE delightful comedy, "STORM IN A TEACUP," by Bruno Frank, has undergone a measure of surface change since it was introduced to London seven years ago in its original German, but its humour and its theme remain intact. It was an inspiration to seek in Scotland a substitute for its cosy South German parlance, as well as a parallel for its genial satire on civic pomposity. James Bridie's admirable adaptation secured for the play an instant and lasting success on the stage, and Ian Hamilton's cinematic embroideries should ensure for it another lease of life on the screen. For this entertaining piece, presented at the Leicester Square Theatre, is lively and remarkably well acted. It lends itself amiably to its new form, whilst the little Scottish town of Baikie, where the fate of an old Irishwoman's beloved mongrel, Patsy, stirs up the storm in a teacup, provides a nice variety of backgrounds. Doomed to death because his owner cannot pay his licence, Patsy finds a champion in a young English reporter, whose campaign, gradually growing from small beginnings to "headline" stature, threatens the bombastic Provost's political career and lands the knight-errant in court, where defendant and prosecutor are finally reconciled by the latter's lovely daughter. Her spirited intervention for the sake of the man she loves is a trifle incredible, but it rounds off a diverting court scene, and effectively caps a play that abounds in good lines and amusing situations. The Provost's big public meeting, broken up by the "dog-calls" of Patsy's partisans, and an official dinner-party even more disastrously upset by a motley pack composed, apparently, of all the canine inhabitants of Baikie, are joyous scenes fluently directed by Victor Saville and capitally staged. Sarah Allgood, thoroughly at home in the part of the voluble old Irishwoman, Cecil Parker, in a grand study of the self-righteous Provost, Vivien Leigh and Rex Harrison, leavening romance with humour and—by no means to be forgotten—the intelligent dog Scruffy head a company that does full justice to a witty play.

Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge are most joyfully reunited in their inimitable screen partnership in "TAKE MY TIP" (Gaumont, Haymarket). It is a preposterous story of how the impoverished Lord George Pilkington and his ex-musical-comedy wife are engaged by their erstwhile butler as *maître d'hôtel* and "unofficial hostess" of the palatial Dalmatian hotel he has purchased as the result of studiously avoiding Lord Pilkington's racing tips. To the hotel comes the "confidence" man who has tricked them out of their last fifteen thousand pounds by the fraudulent sale of a mythical oil-well. The way in which the tables are ultimately turned upon this enterprising gentleman—played with nice assurance and suavity by Harold Huth—makes for hilarious, almost delirious, telling. The verve and zest of Mr. Hulbert and Miss Courtneidge are amazing. They seem to have discovered the secret of perpetual youth, and the neatness with which they play into each other's hands as seasoned confederates, whether in dancing, singing, or the characteristic farcical byplay of the various ridiculous situations in which, perforce, they find themselves, is as brilliant an example of team-work as it is amusing. Both have, too, a splendid opportunity of playing impersonations, of which Mr. Hulbert's is the comedy high-light of his performance — a glorious travesty, in white moustache and wig, of an Anglo-Indian colonel credited by a conveniently absent Yogi with powers of oil-divination. His exploits on a golf-course with a club apparently vitalised by occult inspiration can only be described as magnificently comic. In this same sequence Miss Courtneidge's super Memsahib is a rich and joyous caricature, executed with all her usual keen sense of parody. And Frank Cellier's refined pomposity as the butler turned hotel proprietor contrasts admirably with its rollicking backgrounds.

KÄTHE GOLD *and* GUSTAV KNUTH *in* "DER AMMENKÖNIG," *the daring and witty German film comedy which is having a big success at Studio One.*

As long ago as the days of the silent "Metropolis," the name of Fritz Lang became familiar to English filmgoers as that of a director of powerful, if sometimes fantastic, imagination. In the later talkie, "M," in which Peter Lorre gave so remarkable a performance as the homicidal maniac of Düsseldorf, that imagination was still impressively apparent, though it expressed itself in psychological rather than visual terms. Both pictures were highly melodramatic, but they were memorable from different angles and in different ways. It is the hand of Fritz Lang of "M" whose work is so forceful and compelling in his latest picture, "YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE" (London Pavilion), a film that, as it were, batters its way to our almost reluctant attention by reason of its ruthless heaping of sensation upon sensation. The story has more than one cruelly ironical twist, but, possibly because of a somewhat too apparent manipulation of its melodramatic machinery, some of their power to startle seems to have evaporated in the process. What does remain is the impression, vivid but discomforting, of the tale itself—that of a reformed convict who, seeking to begin a new life with his young wife, is dismissed as an ex-gaol-bird from his job, is "framed" for a bank robbery and the killing of six people, of which he is innocent, and condemned to the electric chair. His escape at the eleventh hour involves the murder of the prison chaplain, whose tidings of a reprieve, since the real murderer has now been discovered, the desperate young man refuses to believe. The rest is a grim and rather sordid chronicle of his attempts to evade pursuit, in company with his wife, whose loyalty is rewarded with the same death as his own. Henry Fonda's performance has a fine and moving quality of stillness and of strength. This is the first film in which any considerable demands have been made upon him as an actor, and he meets them in a way which promises well for his future.

Another study of KÄTHE GOLD *and* GUSTAV KNUTH *in* "DER AMMENKÖNIG," *as Die Markgräfin and Hans Stork. The film has a brilliantly presented rococo setting.*

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XXIV.

SUMMER DAYS AND NIGHTS IN CORONATION SEASON.

A delightful summer weather snapshot shows MISS FRANCES and MISS IONA McCLEAN, daughters of Lieut.-Col. Sir Francis and Lady McClean, punting at Phyllis Court. MISS RHONA SHYLEMAN is also in the party.

MRS. JACK ASHTON and MRS. JAMES ASHTON, senior, went to Roehampton to see the Goulburn team (composed of the Ashton brothers) play the Four Winds side, who won.

PRINCE ANDREW OF RUSSIA, PRINCESS XENIA OF RUSSIA, and MISS FREDENCI attended the "Royalty Through the Ages" Ball at the Dorchester.

MISS "TINY" DENNISTOUN SWORD in her costume for the "Royalty Through the Ages" Ball, in aid of St. Luke's Day Nurseries. She is with COUNT ROBILANT.

LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN in her mediæval costume at the "Royalty Through the Ages" Ball. Lady Iris, who is the only child of the Marquess of Carisbrooke, and a cousin of the King, is with MR. TONY PAWSON and MR. PETER DOULTON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFREDO VALENTE.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" IN NEW YORK.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE," *the psychological thriller by Barré Lyndon, is one of London's big successes. Produced at the Haymarket in August 1936, with Ralph Richardson as the amazing medico, it is now at the Savoy and going strong. It was presented in New York with* SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE *(second from right) in the title-rôle. Sir Cedric, who was due to sail for home last week, will play Edward Fritton in "Return to Sanity" at the Malvern Festival.*

THE COUNTRY LIFE OF OUR ANCESTORS.

BRITISH COUNTRY LIFE THROUGH THE CENTURIES *is illustrated at the Loan Exhibition at 39, Grosvenor Square in aid of the National Trust. This picture by* ABRAHAM VAN DIEPENBEKE (1596-1675) *is one of the twelve pictures of his* MANAGED HORSES, *painted for William Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle (1592-1676). In the background is the south front of Welbeck as it was at the period.—(Lent by the Duke of Portland.)*

" RACEHORSES TRAINING AT GOODWOOD, SUSSEX " ; *by* GEORGE STUBBS, A.R.A. (1724-1806). *It contains portraits of the third Duke of Richmond, Mary, his Duchess, and Lady Louisa Lennox, all riding.—(Lent by the Duke of Richmond and Gordon.)*

" NINEPINS," *by* JOHN COLLETT (1725-1780), *is No. 5 of a series of " Ladies' Recreations." On the keystone of the arch is inscribed " Miss Tipapin going for all nine." (Lent by Viscount Bearsted, M.C.)*

" LADY CAROLINE, *daughter of James, last Duke of Chandos " ; by* ARTHUR DEVIS (1708-1787). *Her costume hardly fits in with our idea of a sports suit.—(Lent by Mr. Arthur N. Gilbey.)*

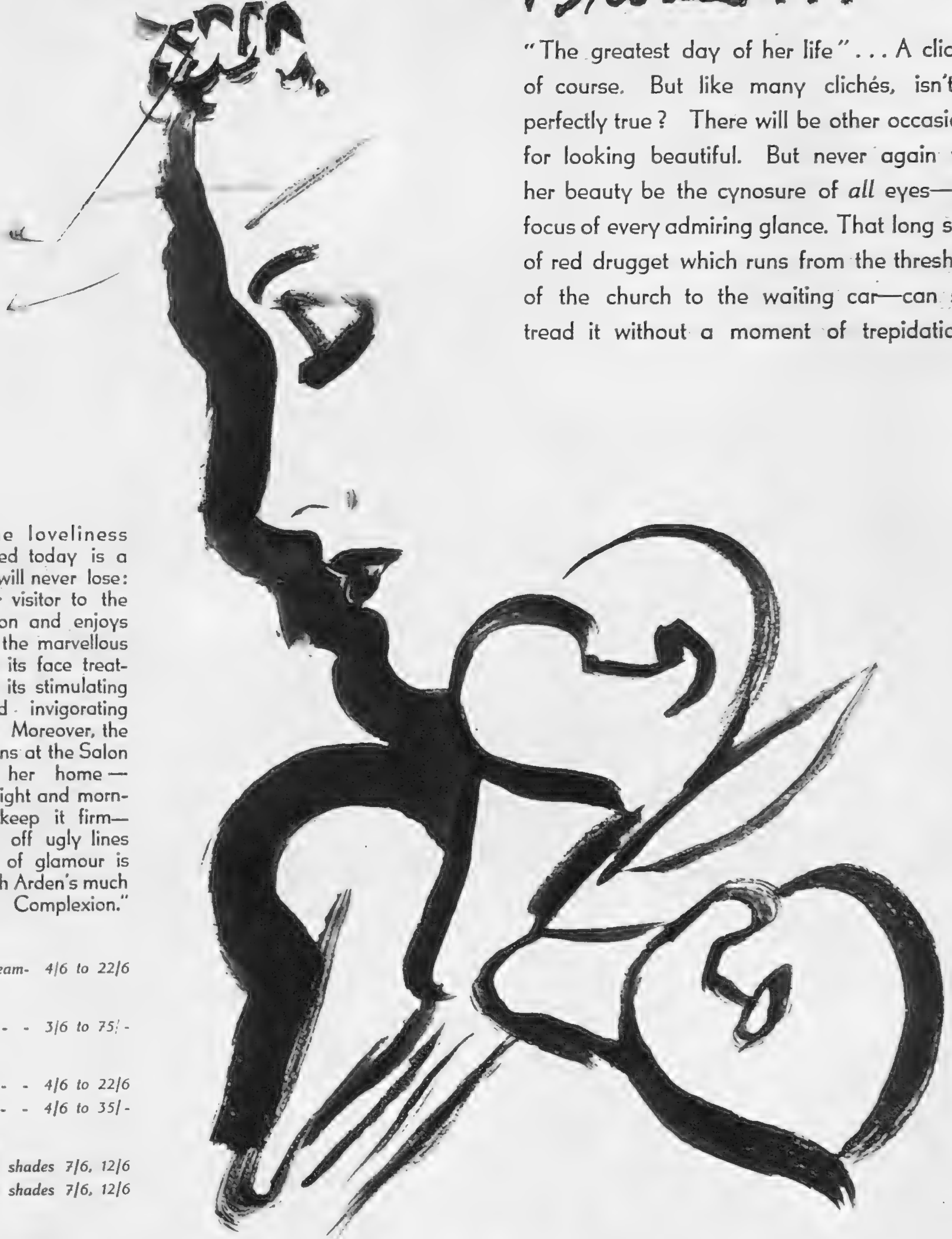
" DUCKWING, THE FIGHTING COCK," *by* LUKE CRADDOCK (1660-1717), *aged four years, was the property of Baron Holles. It is growing its plumage again after its career is ended. The picture, lent by the Hon. Mrs. Tennant, bears a poem on the bird's prowess.*

" THE FINISH OF THE MATCH BETWEEN SIR JOSHUA AND FILHO-DE-PUTA," *by* BEN MARSHALL (1767-1835), *is lent by the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald-Buchanan. Sir Joshua is winning by a neck.*

" JOHN FERNELEY PAINTING IN HIS STUDIO AT MELTON MOWBRAY " ; *by* CLAUDE LORRAINE FERNELEY, *his younger son (1851-1868), is a unique portrait of a sporting artist at work.—(Lent by the Hon. Mrs. Tennant.)*

Brides...

"The greatest day of her life" . . . A cliché, of course. But like many clichés, isn't it perfectly true? There will be other occasions for looking beautiful. But never again will her beauty be the cynosure of *all* eyes—the focus of every admiring glance. That long strip of red drugget which runs from the threshold of the church to the waiting car—can she tread it without a moment of trepidation?



SHE CAN—and the loveliness so universally admired today is a possession that she will never lose: for she is a regular visitor to the Elizabeth Arden Salon and enjoys the full benefit of the marvellous Arden system, with its face treatments, its massage, its stimulating Ardena baths, and invigorating rhythmic exercises. Moreover, the lessons that she learns at the Salon are continued in her home—cleansing her skin, night and morning—toning it, to keep it firm—soothing it, to ward off ugly lines . . . The final touch of glamour is provided by Elizabeth Arden's much talked of "New Complexion."

CLEANSING
Venetian Cleansing Cream - 4/6 to 22/6

TONING
Ardena Skin Tonic - - - 3/6 to 75/-

SOOTHING
Ardena Velva Cream - - 4/6 to 22/6
Orange Skin Food - - - 4/6 to 35/-

NEW COMPLEXION
Ardena Powder in 16 shades 7/6, 12/6
Japonica Powder in 14 shades 7/6, 12/6

Elizabeth Arden

Elizabeth Arden Ltd.

25 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

Paris: Elizabeth Arden, S.A. New York: 691 Fifth Avenue

THE DIARY OF

HERE are gay beach clothes for every type. First, the elegant swim-suit on the far left, in surrealist crêpe lined with milanese. The shorts are pleated, and intricate tucking keeps the diaphragm flat. The long coat, beautifully shaped, is tucked at the waist. The suit costs 4 guineas and the coat 7½ guineas.

The second girl wears a dressmaker swim-suit of royal blue and white cotton lined with wool jersey. Patterned with yachts and portholes, it costs 32s. 6d. Her slender-waisted coat is of bird's-eye piqué, and the price is 47s. 6d.

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

IMMEDIATELY above and on the left is a third outfit from Harrods, of Knightsbridge. It consists of a backless play-suit in a Dalmatian print, very gay and colourful, and it has a neat little Peter Pan collar. It is cut on the most flattering lines, and over it is worn a coat-frock which buttons right down the front. It costs 47s. 6d. complete. Beach shoes of various designs, with cork and rubber soles and heels, are available from 11s. 9d., and Harrods have a genius for fascinating, but quite inexpensive, beach accessories.

SKETCH FASHION

ARDENT swimmer or lazy sun-worshipper, you 'll feel grand in either of these suits. The girl with the sun-glasses wears Wolsey trunks and a brassière in knitted jacquard patterned with palm-trees. They are made in several colours, and they cost 15s. 11d. You can see them in action in the picture below. Her companion has chosen a Martin-White Telescopic water suit which, because of its high degree of elasticity, clings softly and evenly to any figure, though it is made in only one size. In cotton it costs 21s., and in satin 38s. 6d. This, too, you can see again in the picture on the left, and you will find both these swim-suits at Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

TO wear on the beach when the days are cooler, neatly cut navy or nigger trousers, of course, made by Wolsey, and priced 12s. 11d. at Swan and Edgar's. To accompany them, a monkey jacket, which you can get for 10s. And you 'll need a separate beach wrap, which you will find in bewildering variety from 6s. 11d. It is a good plan to get your holiday clothes early, because the nicest ones have a way of disappearing very quickly.

JOHN EVERARD

HOLIDAY FRIENDS

STRIPES FOR SLENDERNESS

FIND the woman who looks distinguished in the country and you will have discovered one who really has a perfect clothes sense. You'll probably find, as well, that she habitually wears Pesco Scottish Sportswear. She will have discovered that everything they make is beautifully shaped; that their colours are grand; and that their designs have an originality that makes them a lasting pleasure.

Look, for example, at the jumper on the left. Close knit, it clings to the figure, the line broken by raised stripes which run down from beneath the turn-over collar. It is made in pure wool, and its very simplicity is the measure of its perfection.

YOKE-LINES ARE STRESSED

DIAMONDS AND DOMINOES

IMMEDIATELY above is another Pesco jumper, this time knitted in contrasting rib and pearl stitch, with lace-like insets forming a yoke. Nothing could be neater or more flattering to wear. On the left is a jumper and cardigan, both knitted in a fancy stitch which is reminiscent of diamonds and dominoes.

The jumper has a pointed ribbed collar and short sleeves, and the cardigan is fastened with dark buttons. Pesco Scottish Sportswear is obtainable from nearly all outfitters, or an illustrated brochure will gladly be sent to you by Peter Scott and Co., of Hawick, Scotland.

Bear Brand *Crepe Luxury Stockings* 3/11 · 8/11

As you wear

It is wickedly easy to spoil the effect of the most entrancing ensemble by neglecting this matter of stockings. Complete self-assurance (and a little pardonable pride) may be obtained at prices from 3/11 to 8/11 simply by asking rather definitely for Bear Brand.

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"NO," said The Merchant with decision, "I couldn't bring myself to buy them. The shares may be quite as good and quite as cheap as you make out; but no—not for me."

"What 's the objection?" enquired The Broker. "Why this emphatic refusal? I tell you that they 're a sound investment, and that the price is likely to go better. What do you know about the company?"

"Nothing at all. In fact, I had never heard of it until yesterday."

"You 're as mysterious as you seem to be prejudiced. Can't you produce some sane reason for turning down what I 'm pretty sure will prove to be good advice? Did you see something in the paper, may I ask?"

"No, but the point is, everything of that sort which I have touched in the past has cost me money."

(Most speculators, and many investors, know this superstition quite well.)

"That 's childish," The Broker replied, "because, in this case as one example, you must admit Marston Valley Brick shares are definitely cheap."

"Nine per cent. is a high yield to get on any Industrial."

"Of course it is, and to obtain it, you take a certain amount of risk. But, with the N.D.C. business out of the way, I think that there 's every reason for Industrial companies to do their best to increase their profits. You couldn't say that was the case before Chamberlain dropped his rotten tax."

"The money has to be found, somehow or other."

"But we shall know pretty well how the taxation will affect any company. It was the previous uncertainty that killed our markets."

"I 'm glad oil shares have been going our way," said The Engineer. "They have certainly helped to pay for losses in other directions. Shells, Burmahs, Anglo-Iranians — all quite satisfactory."

"Glad to hear you have no complaints," The Broker observed. "The market looks good, too."

"I suppose there will be something else turn up unexpectedly to make things dull again."

"All my clients have either expired or have taken their orders elsewhere," said The Broker.

"And all my brokers are so bare of business that I wonder they don't get run in as strip-teasers," The Jobber lamented. "I 've never experienced anything like it."

"Rubbish!" declared The City Editor, thankful to score an easy inner. "You have seen the same kind of conditions many times before, and there is nothing really new in the present state of affairs."

"You might just as well say that there is nothing new under the sun."

"The previous Solomon made a similar remark," The Engineer recalled. "But your markets are not very gay, and I 'm not surprised at your feeling humpy. You never seem to be entirely normal in the Stock Exchange."

"We 're not," The Broker asserted. "A member of the Stock Exchange is either living in a castle and drinking champagne, or he is existing in two rooms and drinking water until it is cut off because he can't pay his rates."

"Yes," added The Jobber, "and if you do happen to be seen drinking water, some facetious blighter is pretty sure to ask if you are averaging."

"It 's a hard world," The Merchant sympathised. "Supposing I were to give you an order——"

"You would probably fix your price at an impossible figure."

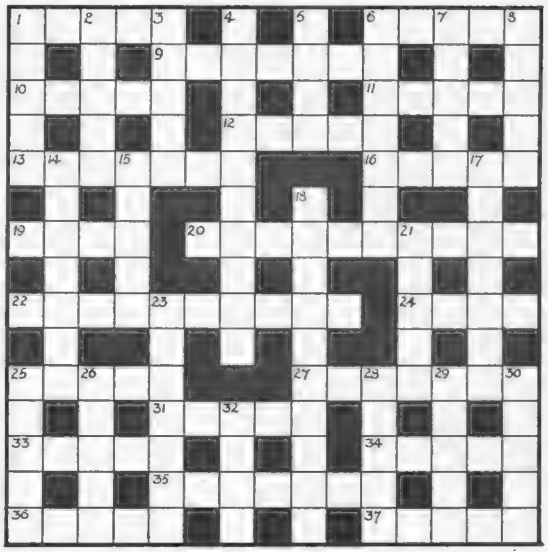
"Forty-two, thirty-three, fifty-one?" suggested The Jobber. "Or are you banting?"

"What on earth are you talking about?" The Broker demanded.

"Impossible figures, dearie. Though yours is beginning——"

The City Editor made some remark about the adaptability of human nature. "And," he continued, "you can no more eliminate the taste for speculation than the need for investment of capital."

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Take dripping with this—it 's quite usual in hot climates (5).
6. Famous tunnel since it has been altered (5).
9. Curious, that, with very pointed criticism, you may be thus abused (7).
10. Run away (5).
11. One little pair adapted to flat lying (5).
12. Case for a lawyer to get up at night (5).
13. Baby's first rig-out (7).
16. Turn out (5).
19. Only fish underfoot (4).
20. An official letter ends meek and humble (10).
22. An English town (10).
24. Cure for sea-sickness (4).
25. A 26 Down (5).
27. Part of France (7).
31. Alice has become quite another girl (5).
33. It 's no poetry when practically monopolised by points in favour (5).
34. Might be found among future belligerents (5).
35. Hamlet's uncle was not referring to this when he said his offence was rank (7).
36. Delivers the goods (5).
37. Veins (5).

DOWN.

1. Notability found in a cathedral town (5).
2. Most of this wood has the quality of the herring (5).
3. English river (5).
4. That follows (10).
5. Vague belief (4).
6. "Bid me despair, and I 'll despair, Under that —— tree" (Herrick) (7).
7. I moan when she stands on her head (5).
8. A 26 Down (5).
14. No heart can produce a second one (7).
15. In a measure we like a place in Surrey (5).
17. By no means bare, seems to consist of a vulgar fellow Communist (7).
18. This is not easily grasped (10).
21. Same as pea is otherwise (5).
23. Scheme of decoration with a horse inside (7).
25. Father looks up a friend to stagger (5).
26. Does it rise from the Douro? (5).
28. A pretty girl's name (5).
29. Mad artist's offer? (5).
30. Awful row! The Lely's been mutilated (5).
32. What the hen does (4).

"People must have a flutter," The Merchant confirmed. "And, in my small way, I was thinking of a mild gamble. Have you anything good to recommend?"

"What sort of thing?"

"I 'm not particular. The point is that I have an unexpected legacy—nothing much; a few hundreds—and it 's money I feel is free for something more interesting than War Loan or Locals."

"To lock up for a bit and wait for a good profit, I 'd say Boots shares. They pay you next to nothing on the money, but the balance-sheet is so strong that a bonus of some sort is certain, sooner or later."

"Any of those good Industrials should suit your book. Take Imperial Tobacco, or Lyons, or Courtaulds——"

"I 'm told by my Opposite Number in Wall Street that the American Celanese Company is doing so well that an increased dividend cannot be long delayed. Do Home Railway stocks appeal to you?"

"Not an awful lot. Some of the Preferences are all right. I rather like London, Midland and Scottish first preference. And I dare say the 1923 stock isn't too bad. Both of them pay reasonably well, and the dividends are safe, I should say, for a year or two at all events."

"You can't see much further than that in any stocks and shares," The Broker maintained.

"I 'm not so sure you are right," The Engineer doubted. "What price will Imperial Airways be quoted at five years hence?"

"Ah," The Broker replied, "you 've picked on one of the few things where you can let your imagination have a free hand. Matter of waiting, as I 've told you before, but they should double in price."

"I suppose Imperial Airways is about the best of the aviation companies? You used to be keen on Hawker Siddeley and Bristols, Brokie."

"I was, and so I should still be if I knew how the companies are going to be affected by taxation this year and next."

"That 's an uncertainty which applies to heaps of things," said The Jobber disconsolately. "I can't see how it is possible to estimate how this year's dividends are going to pan out."

"Much the same as last year's," The City Editor considered.

"The Siamese Tin Company reduced its dividend the other day, simply because of the uncertainty. And other concerns will do the same: you can take my word for that."

"At that rate it should pay to buy shares in companies which are not making profits and are not likely to do so until the armament programme is finished."

"Yes; I thought we should get on to the developing mines in the Kaffir Market, and before very long," said The Engineer. "I was waiting for someone to say Western Reefs or East Rand Consols."

"East Rand Consols are not a brilliant market just now," The City Editor observed. "Yet the developments are satisfactory enough, and the shares look cheap; eh, Brokie?"

"I 've always said the company had a good sporting chance. But the scare about the price of gold first, and the slump at the Cape afterwards, took the heart out of the market."

"And out of a good many of us," The Engineer commented. "We didn't sell when we could have got out at a good profit, and now there are too many stale bulls for the market to be very happy."

"You pernicious pessimist! Man alive, we shall see these things recover in course of time. They always do. To hear your blather, one would think the end of the Rand had come."

"I have shares in both ends of the Rand; that 's the devil of it. If only I had stuck to the middle——"

"You 'd be cursing just the same. Haven't the prices come down, like the others?"

The Merchant, rising to alight, said he thought it might be well to put his few ha'pence into Industrial shares after all. "Not but what I think we shall see most things going better before long," he concluded.

"Human nature, as our friend says, is very adaptable, even where taxation is concerned. And we must all have a little gamble occasionally. And we manage to scrape up a pound or two for investment every now and then. And—— What 's that you 're humming? It 's a very old tune, isn't it?"

The Jobber turned to The Compartment and, lifting up his voice, he asked them very confidentially—

"'Ain't he sweet?'"

Friday, June 4, 1937.

ICH DIEN
BY APPOINTMENT

This is the Gin

made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon, and no colouring matter is added.

The Gin that has medicinal properties

If you value your health–insist on

Gordon's

GENUINE GIN—NO COLOURING MATTER

TANQUERAY GORDON & CO. LTD.,
GIN DISTILLERS, LONDON

The largest gin distillers in the world

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

GIAN DÀULI'S "hero" tells his own story, and a miserable record it is. Quite early in the book, in the section entitled "Happy Days," Giovannino observes—

We should always exercise a little Christian charity towards ourselves, for if we were to tell all that we have done, or even thought, during the course of our lives, we should be ashamed to show our faces out of doors.

Most people will admit this, and many will think that Giovannino might have exercised more discretion as well as more charity in the compilation of these distressing memoirs. We could, we feel, have realised the degree of his abasement without so many intimate illustrations of it. But could we? Perhaps not. His life was made up of little things; even his sins were rather continuous than sensational; his worst, as well as his stupidest act was the beating he gave his mistress, Sofia, which drove that long-suffering woman into kindlier arms.

A Shameful Business.

From the first (which means very early indeed) he was a target for the lusts of the flesh, as were his mother and father, and his sister, Lorenzina. One of the oddest things about this North Italian family of "gentlefolk" was its attitude towards its own misdemeanours. Hardly ever, in their long careers of illicit love (much of it taking place on the border of, if not within, the forbidden degrees), did they fail, when the truth came out, to shock each other profoundly. I suppose it is characteristic of the Latin male temperament, even when most intent on reducing the citadel of virtue, to expect all women to be chaste. Giovannino, prime mover in a hundred love-affairs, never ceased to reproach, secretly or openly, Sofia with the fact that she came from the Porta Nuova, the disreputable quarter of Vicenza: he never seemed to think it mattered that he (or it may have been his uncle) had seduced her at an incredibly tender age. And considering the kind of life they all led, one cannot feel much sympathy with Giovannino's surprise and distress when (listening at the keyhole) he heard his mother and his sister engaged in mutual confession—

I knew that my mother was no saint, and I was prepared for Lieutenant Fiorini, and even for Captain De Giovanni, a naval officer; I should have guessed at the Cavaliere Scarpa, and the professor of accountancy, but not the chemist, and not—good heavens!—not Signor Tommaso, the grocer of the Calle dell' Arco; and least of all that misery of a Castrini, who was twenty years younger than my mother; I had thought he was smitten with Lorenzina. Good God, what a shameful business! And Lorenzina used to go with her mother to the Albergo Rialto. . . . Like two "of those!" . . . Mother and daughter! How shameful! Oh, how shameful! . . . This time I was sure my father would kill my mother, and there was nothing I could do, because she deserved her fate.

The Anatomy of Demoralisation.

Shameful, indeed, according to most canons of behaviour; and there would be little in "The Wheel Turns" to merit the reader's attention if it were simply a record of these infinitely sordid encounters. There are, indeed, too many of them. Whatever justification sexual promiscuity may have in life, in fiction it grows wearisome. All the same, Giovannino, in his ever deepening and even in his final abasement, never loses touch with human nature; though generally an object of contempt, to himself as to everyone else, he remains an object of pity, and only the inveterately self-righteous can fail to discover some kinship with him. He *was* despicable. He kept high (or comparatively high) standards for other people and did not try to live up to them himself; he drifted from job to job; he begged, borrowed, defaulted, broke his promises—in fact, behaved always in the most abject manner. But he preserved his sensibility and was always conscious of his degradation; he belongs to the tribe of "Adolphe" and the hero of Italo Svevo's wonderful story, "As a Man Grows Older." "The Wheel Turns" is a less memorable novel than either of those. Its theme—that ancient theme—that man is the plaything of Destiny, is just as fully, and more minutely, worked out; but the author exaggerates and, in a sense, simplifies overmuch. A temperament as self-indulgent as Giovannino's is, happily, a rarity; nor are many men born with so little talent for life and such an overwhelming susceptibility to love. And few men are so unlucky, or so insanely jealous. Gian Dàuli deprives his story both of drama and of tragedy by making his protagonist utterly invertebrate; we never feel, as we feel in "Adolphe," that, though always losing, he is always within a point of winning the game. Giovannino lacked the will power to put up the least resistance to the ignominy that engulfed him. If he had possessed it, his story might have been a better work of art; it could not be a more telling exposition of the degradation to which soul and body can attain; it could not sound more clearly (and here the translator gives the author every help) all the notes in the descending scale of demoralisation. I do not remember a novel that reads more naturally or more vividly.

The change-over in the Cabinet was reflected in the change-over at MADAME TUSSAUDS'. *Here the effigy of* SIR STANLEY BALDWIN *is being moved from its former position at the head of the Cabinet group, so as to make way for the figure of* MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, *who is having his tie adjusted.* SIR JOHN SIMON *may be distinguished in the background.*

"By Day and By Night."

This is another novel that describes the progress of a soul. Here the curve bends upwards, not downwards. Leif Sund clings to his ideals and fulfils them, though they cost him his life. A man who had made a fortune from the invention of a peculiarly deadly machine-gun, he had returned to his home town in Norway, still young, and with apparently nothing to do but enjoy himself. But, in spite of the blandishments of provincial society, which was only too ready to admit the once-penniless youth to its moderately charmed circle, Leif could not settle down. He had had a terrible object-lesson in the devastating effect, for humanity, of his invention: a poor boy, son of a fellow-townsman, had died in misery from wounds contracted in the war, and Leif felt guilty of his death. He was glad when, from carelessness and mismanagement, much of his money melted away. His wife was not, however; she did not understand his scruples; he had but one confidant, the local doctor who was treating him for insomnia.

[Continued overleaf.

L27

Scent? Yes!
Gloves? Yes!
Hankies? Yes!
Stockings? Yes!
thank goodness
that's the lot!..

exhaustedly
you sink
into a chair
whilst
the kind commissionaire
calls
your car...

how you revel
in
that cigarette
which
so perfectly completes
your feeling of
relief
and
relaxation.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Continued.]

To get rid of his fortune was the course recommended by his conscience, and it would have been easy enough; but, besides his wife, there were other considerations which made him pause on the road to poverty. He had only to apply his genius to the invention of an improved gun, set up a factory for its manufacture, and all the unemployed in his native town would find work: surely this was a more laudable undertaking than salving his own conscience. It would give him a new interest, take him out of himself. So he set to work, and soon evolved the new gun, to the exultation of his wife—

He told her of Marshal Ney's famous cavalry charge at Waterloo: "Six thousand horses and men pounding forward in three gigantic waves. But three men armed with a gun like mine . . . would have wiped out those horses and men in a few minutes."

She pondered it. She did not shudder. She only saw it as a fairy-tale. He had surpassed everybody; the gun would give them prosperity—prosperity.

Then comes his change of heart and his decision to sacrifice the gun, his own fortune, and with it the prosperity of the whole town. Instantly his former friends turned on him, and a newspaper article attacked his private life with unexampled scurrility.

The bad will generated by the disappointment at Leif's cheating the town of his invention had finally grown to a heavy, poisonous mass-psychosis. . . . The town had lived in a war trance, when there was all this talk about the armament factory. . . . Then came the trial [Leif's libel action], which gave people an excuse to have a go at him. One got up and fired a shot—another one ran a bayonet into him, a third used a dagger. They all had a good conscience, for superficially the arms were nothing but words.

MRS. ROWLAND RANK, *the well-known and popular society hostess, is posed in a particularly lovely Madonna blue-and-silver evening dress.*

in his undergraduate days; he never lost touch with the beautiful and sympathetic Erika. Mr. Heath writes with great simplicity, and his prose has a plangent, nostalgic undertone which I found attractive. And he makes the most of the contrast between Germany in the years immediately following the war—gentle, civilised, cultivated—and the Germany of to-day, "all brown" with storm-troopers. "Ah," says one of the characters, "if you English had only made one-quarter of the concession to the peaceful Germany of Streseman which you now make to Hitler, this whole tragedy would never have taken place."

"Brief Flower of Youth" is perhaps more interesting in its political than in its personal aspect; Richard, a nice fellow, sensitive and impressionable, can extract all the essential feeling from a mood, a scene, or an incident (there are several) when party feeling runs high; as a lover he a little lacks force and fire. Erika was to him the personification of all that his romantic youth had found most sympathetic in Germany and the German people—"the German people" (as Goethe said), "so estimable individually, and so contemptible collectively." Perhaps, all things considered, "contemptible" is not the right word; but if Mr. Heath's account is accurate, the change that has come over the country in the last fifteen years is heart-breaking. He writes without rancour or passion, which enables us to get at once a clearer and sadder idea of the conditions he describes. His book is richer in atmosphere than in plot, and the *dénouement* is a rather high-handed method of bringing to an end a complex situation; but it is a charming, graceful, thoughtful piece of work.

Good-bye to Scum.

Leif did not mind the attacks, once he had determined on suicide:

It was almost a relief—and made it seem easier to face death. It isn't such a heavy task to say good-bye to scum. . . . No evil gods existed to want us to kill on a grand scale. This craving for mass murder was to be found in man alone.

In spite of Leif's noble example, "By Day and By Night" is a profoundly depressing book. This does not mean it is difficult to read: Bojer's talent as a writer and his dispassionate interest in human nature, even the vilest, keep one's attention always engaged. But, as in so many Scandinavian novels, there is an element of furtive self-interest, writhing maggot-like through all but one or two characters who are admittedly half-crazed by idealism, that fills one with loathing and disgust.

MR. and MRS. J. G. SIMON, *here seen at home with their daughter,* MISS GEMMA LOUISE SIMON, *are the son and daughter-in-law of Sir John Simon, the newly-appointed Chancellor of the Exchequer.*

"Brief Flower of Youth."

This novel is almost as saddening. It is a romantic story with a political background: Germany before and after the establishment of the Nazi régime. Mr. Heath's hero, Richard, feels a sentimental attachment for rural, sylvan Germany; he spent some time at a co-educational school there; he revisited the country

"The Man Who Wasn't There."

Arthur Crook was a stout, middle-aged, romantic lawyer with a propensity for defending criminals, and Bruce, K.C., a red-headed little Scotsman, was always ready to help with his forensic talent. When Marjorie Hyde, whom as an actress he had vastly admired, was accused of murdering her husband, Mr. Crook roused himself to a splendid effort. His enthusiasm ultimately landed him in hospital with a broken head, but he proved a winner. The murdered man had formed the odd habit of pouring out the port before dinner began. When on the crucial occasion he drank his wine, he was poisoned. Who had put in the poison, and why? Had some outsider slipped in from the shrubbery near by? A twig had been heard to snap. . . . In "The Man Who Wasn't There," Mr. Anthony Gilbert shows the skill of an old hand and all his characters are alive.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Wheel Turns. By Gian Dauli. (*Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.*)
By Day and By Night. By Johan Bojer. (*Appleton-Century; 7s. 6d.*)
Brief Flower of Youth. By Graham Heath. (*Longman's; 7s. 6d.*)
The Man Who Wasn't There. By Anthony Gilbert. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

This England . . .

Eldersfield, Gloucestershire

IN what lies the fascination of a farmhouse—is it the cosy grouping of byre and barn, or the sudden sense of home in the midst of the wild? Or is it, at the last, that here is a little centre of creation, a headquarters, as it were, of that rhythm by which we all live and have our being? For here is the homestead of one who brings from the earth, each in its season, root and grain, black-stockinged lamb and stiff-kneed calf, with all that they imply. No matter; it is deeply satisfying, as are all good things that spring from right handling of the soil—and the rich-malted barley and fragrant hops in your Worthington are not the least of these.

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

It may appear ungallant to write about the men's Amateur Championship whilst engaged in the entertaining diversion of watching the play in the Ladies' Championship. It is a far cry from Turnberry, in Ayrshire, where the Ladies are engaged in playing for their Championship, and Royal St. George's course at Sandwich, where the Amateur Championship was recently contested. But I cannot avoid a few reflections on one of the strangest championships of the kind ever held. In the first place, Sandwich was a strange place to those who have known the famous links for many, many years. It was not so long ago that the Royal St. George's Club was so concerned with drought that they decided to install a complete water system all over the course. On the occasion of the Championship the Club was more concerned with getting water off than on the links, and even after considerable pumping operations and a week of heat-wave weather there was still so much water in some of the bunkers that a competitor with a misguided sense of humour suggested, in writing to the green committee, that "the water in the bunkers be changed—it is becoming quite dirty." However, though the casual water here and there occasionally came "into play," it did not affect the Championship, and I cannot recall a happier meeting.

This snapshot shows MR. LIONEL MUNN *(Royal St. George's) congratulating* MR. ROBERT SWEENY, JUNIOR *(Royal and Ancient), the new Amateur Champion, who won the final on the thirty-fourth green. Mr. Munn is fifty years of age and won the Irish Open Championship 1909-10-11; and the young victor is twenty-five.*

The Amateur Championship Surprise.

But of the golf itself I dare say some of the competitors have no very pleasant recollections. In the past there has been criticism of the Royal St. George's links because there was no very difficult rough on the course. The officials decided to dispose of criticism on this count once and for all by not even thinning out the rough, which became a jungle in which there should be a harvest of golf balls for the haymakers later on. I recall saying that one of the United States players may effect a surprise in this Championship. More than one of them did that, Richard Chapman, of New York, and Wilford Wehrle, of Wisconsin, both reaching the last eight and giving us a fright. But the big surprise to me was the success of Robert Sweeny, another American-born golfer. Sweeny has played most of his golf in this country, where he is associated in business with his father in London. He came over here seven years ago and played in the Oxford University team which his brother Charles captained. Since then the new champion has gained a certain amount of success as a "week-end" golfer, but has not been a serious contender for national titles, although he reached the semi-final of the British Championship two years ago. It must not be imagined that Robert Sweeny did not earn and deserve the Championship he won. He is, indeed, a worthy holder of the title. Sweeny is a stylish golfer and a living example of what one calls a "grooved swing"; and moreover, he understands the great art of rolling three shots into two by making a pitch and a putt suffice. It was this that enabled him to beat Lionel Munn, the famous old Irish champion, in the final. Munn, now fifty years of age, was outdriven by yards, though his wooden club second shots were often as excellent as Sweeny's irons, but he did not putt so well as an opponent of half his age. However, he made a great fight of it and took the match to the thirty-fourth hole.

British Standard Poor.

The way of champions is indeed difficult. They apparently work tremendously hard on their game in defence of titles which elude them in disconcerting fashion. In this Championship the majority of the "favourites" were beaten. Bobby Locke and his three fellow South African team-mates, Cyril Tolley, Harry Bentley, Leonard Crawley, and all the others who were expected to figure in the closing stages, were beaten, while Frank Pennink, the new English champion, only gained a place among the last eight. Frankly, I am glad that there is another year before this country has to produce a team to meet the United States in the Walker Cup match—we should have little chance of winning at the moment, because the standard of our amateur golf is not high enough.

American Hustle.

Talking of International teams reminds me that by the time this appears the British professional team for the Ryder Cup match three weeks hence will probably have been announced. It may be taken for granted that it is a good team, for much time has been spent in making the choice. A selection committee was appointed months ago and its members have been watching the play at all the tournaments. Last week they went to Moortown to watch the *Yorkshire Evening News* Tournament, and apparently then made up their minds. But those who are inclined to criticise the lengthy deliberations of the Professional Golfers' Association should remember that even now the United States team is not completed. There are four places to fill in Walter Hagen's team, and not until the American Open concludes at the end of this week will the final choice be made. The selected four will have to hustle to pack and join the team, which sails three days later. But apparently American golfers thrive on hustle, and it would be unwise to belittle our opponents because they have only a little more than a week in this country for their preparations.

MR. ROBERT SWEENY, JUNIOR, *the new Amateur Golf Champion, was born in California, but, though an American subject, has lived in this country for some years. He was at Oxford and played in the 'Varsity match of 1932. He is here seen holding his trophy after having defeated Mr. Lionel Munn by 3 and 2 in the thirty-six-hole final at Sandwich.*

The BEST SPORTS ACTION PICTURES*: The Illustrated* **Sporting and Dramatic** *News; Every Friday.*

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MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

SOME time ago I mentioned that I had become the proud owner of an S.S. "Jaguar," and promised to give my impressions of it after I had covered a few thousand miles on the road. The speedometer will shortly reach the 4000-mile mark, and I am perfectly delighted with the car. Road-holding, acceleration, and springing have all exceeded my expectations, and although on suitable roads I have reached speeds of over 80 m.p.h., I have never yet been all-out on top gear. This S.S. "Jaguar" is essentially a safe car, for the Girling brakes are as smooth as silk, besides being very powerful, while the steering has a marked self-centring action, and is as light as a feather. Without allowing the engine to "rev." up to anything like its maximum, one can do an easy and effortless 35 m.p.h. on second, and 50 m.p.h. on third, though the maxima on these speeds are naturally very much greater. One of the technical motor papers, I noticed, recently carried out a speed-test at Brooklands with a standard S.S. "Jaguar" four-door saloon, and a maximum speed of only just below 90 m.p.h. was attained. I change my car, on an average, once a year, so that I have run through quite a variety of makes in the course of the last twelve years. I can truthfully say, however, that the S.S. affords me more pleasure in driving it than any car I have owned previously. It is essentially a quiet and refined car for town work, and yet handles like a racing car and performs with real verve out on the open road.

EVELYN LAYE, *who is playing the part of the Princess of Lucca in "Paganini," at the Lyceum, opposite to Richard Tauber, in the title-rôle, is here seen as a sports girl. She is about to step into her new* MORRIS "EIGHT," *and looks delighted with the prospect.*

EUROPE'S LARGEST GARAGE.

I looked in, the other day, at the new Olympia garage, to see how friend "Bunny" Dyer, for so long the secretary of the Junior Car Club, was getting on as managing director of this huge new concern. He showed me round what is the largest and most up-to-date building of its kind in Europe, with accommodation for 12,000 cars on eleven parking floors. Each floor is 100 yards long, and although the garage stands on only one-third of an acre, the total area available for parking cars exceeds four acres. Two internal spiral roadways, one serving as an entrance and the other as an exit, feed the whole building, so that motorists can drive from one part of the garage to any other without the need to use lifts. The garage is always open day and night, and is proving very

[*Continued overleaf.*

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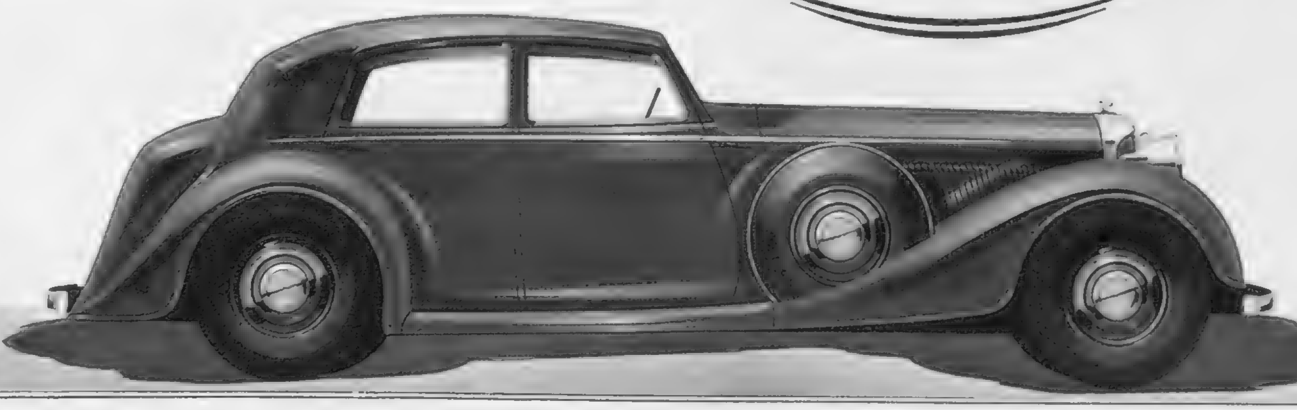

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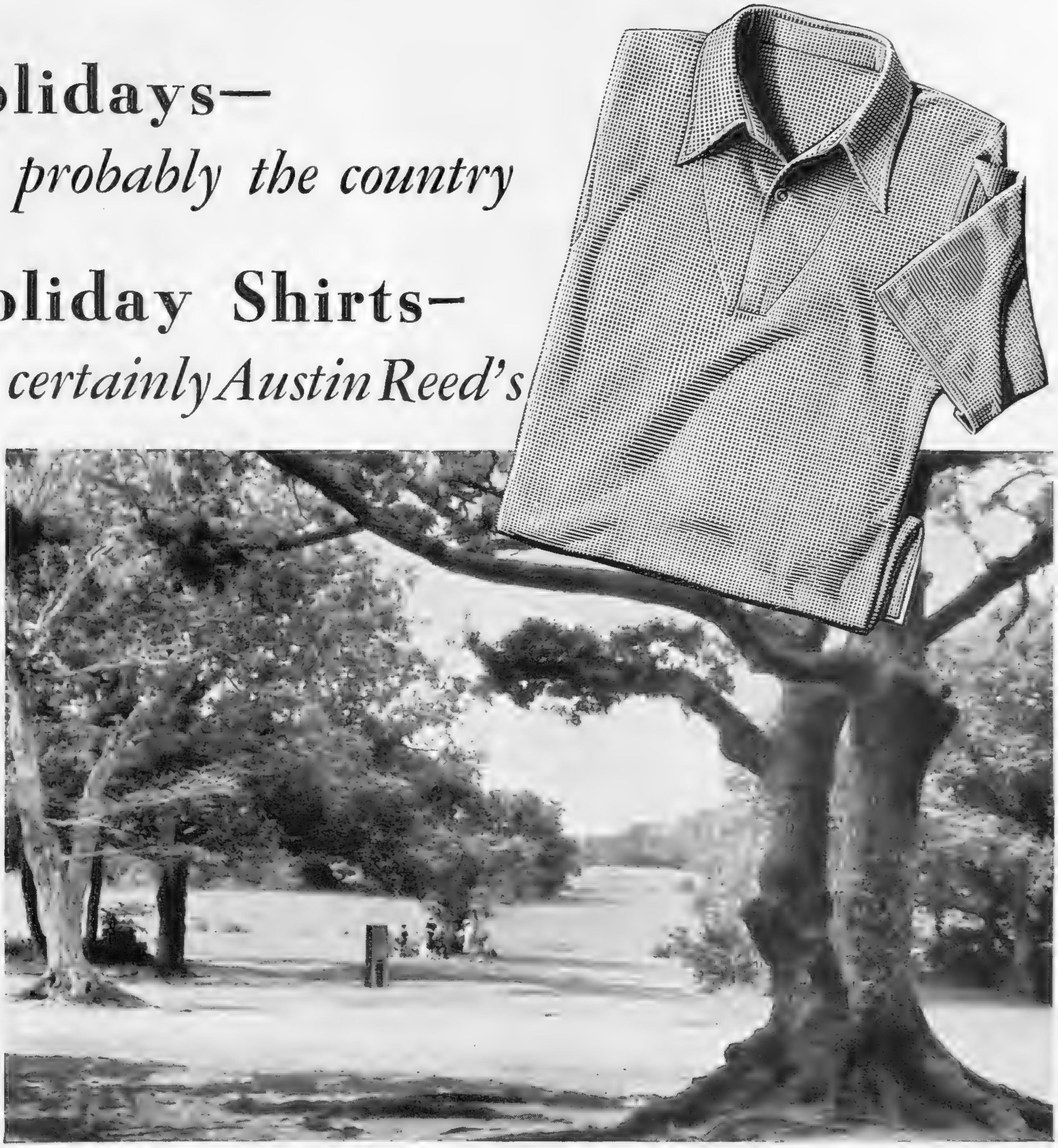

This summer's array of sports shirts at Austin Reed's is as bright and light-hearted an affair as this very special year demands. There are sports shirts with short sleeves and with collars cut to wear buttoned or unbuttoned: more sedate ones with full-length sleeves and also made to wear buttoned or open at the neck: sports shirts with our special new "Easifold" collar that sits as perfectly as any city collar: sports shirts made from fine Sylex Sea Island cotton, from cool lisle—in fact from every sort of comfortable summer material and in every sort of cheerful pattern and colour.

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All Wool: Range 96B, knitted, short sleeves, 10/6; Range 155A "Riviera," check design, buttoned cuffs, 18/-.

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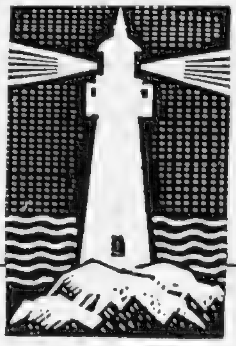

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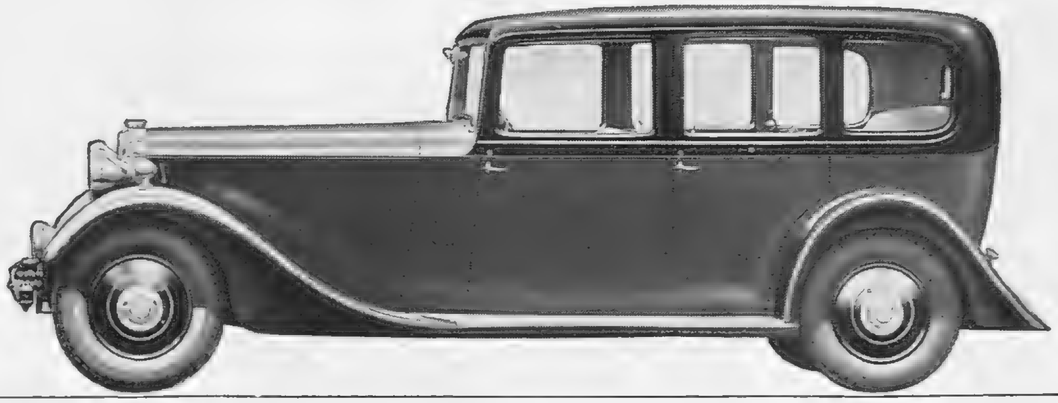

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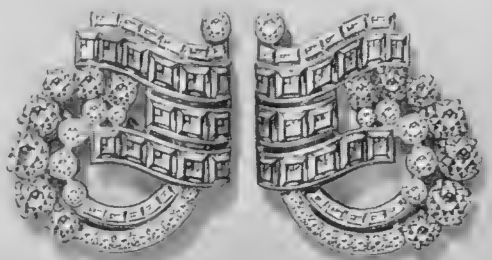

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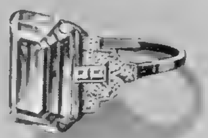

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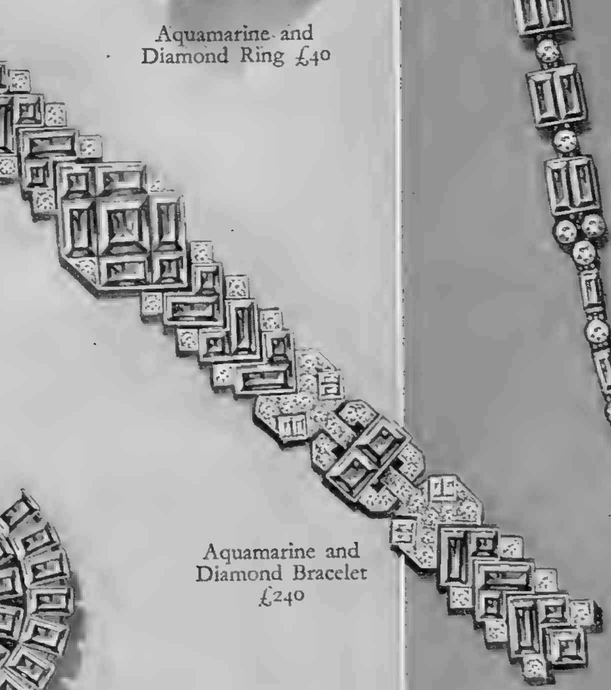

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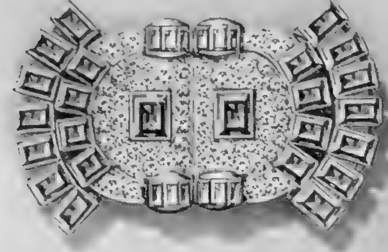

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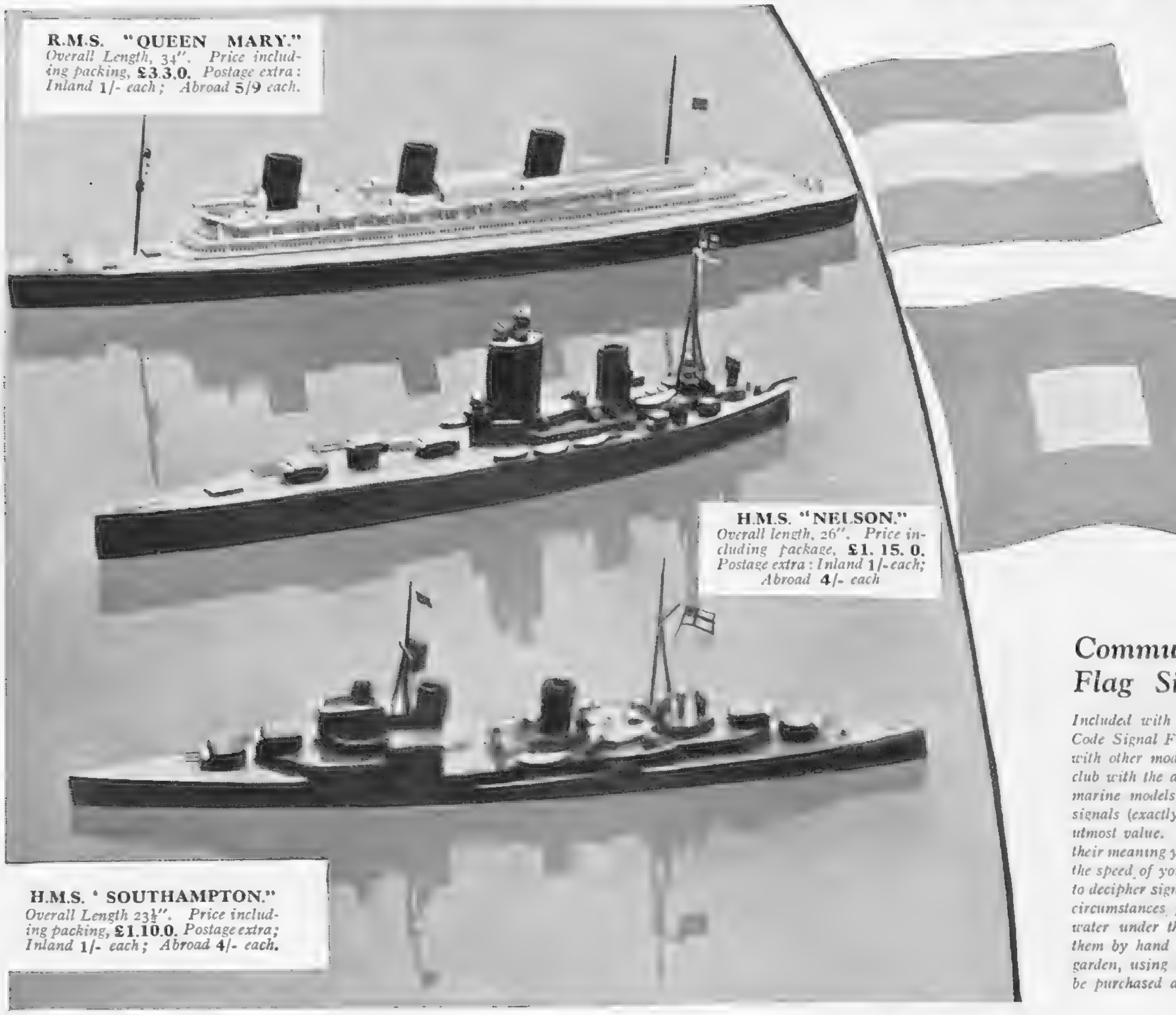

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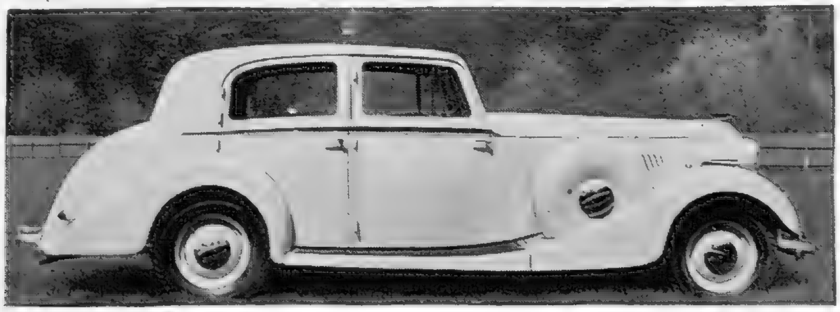

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Continued.]
popular with residents in the Olympia district, while it is particularly in demand when exhibitions are being held at Olympia, for there is a covered way leading direct from the garage into the Main Hall. If desired, both internal roadways can be used as entrances or exits, and on a test run, using one exit only, the garage was emptied of nearly 1000 cars in less than twenty minutes. The equipment includes repair shops, a pressure washing installation that will accommodate five cars, a greasing-hoist, and six electric petrol pumps. There are cloakrooms, and the chauffeurs' room is connected by telephone with all the entrances to Olympia.

The marriage of MISS DAPHNE M. SMITH, *only daughter of Mr. Alexander Rowland Smith, General Manager, Ford Motor Company, Ltd., Dagenham, and Mrs. Smith, to* MR. DONALD MACLEAN, *youngest son of Mr. Alexander and Mrs. Maclean, took place at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand.*

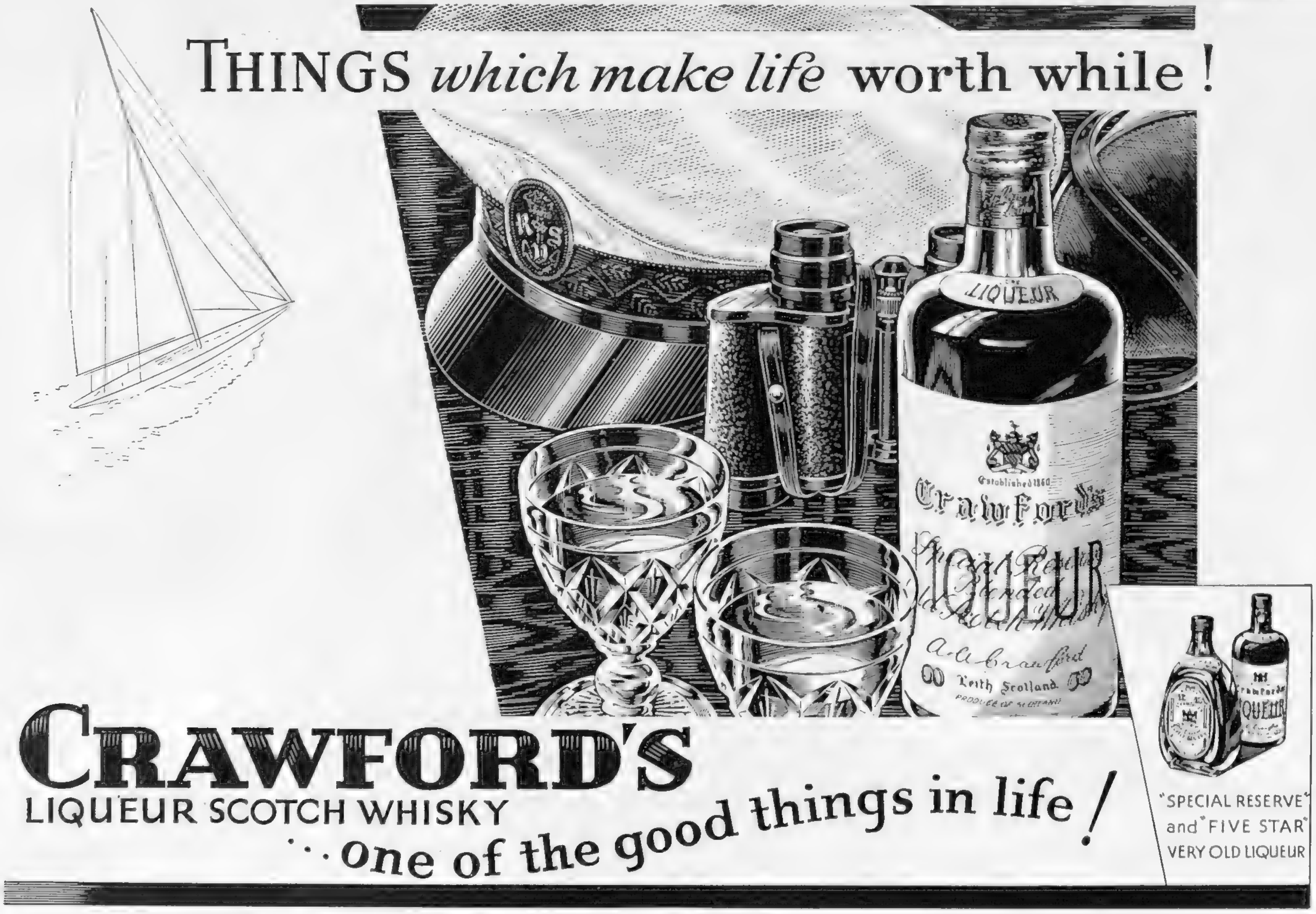
THROUGH EIGHT REIGNS.

I have just glanced through a fascinating record of coachbuilding, entitled "Through Eight Reigns," which is issued by that famous firm Hooper and Company, who are proud to call themselves the "King's Coachbuilders." It is illustrated with some very fine coloured drawings, including one of the great State Coach, which, although built half a century before Hoopers opened their works, has since been twice renovated by the firm in question. It was "done-up" by Hooper's for the Coronation of King Edward VII., and again for that of King George VI.

Another Hooper-built carriage which is reproduced in colours, is a State posting-landau. This was built for the Coronation of King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra, and frequently used on State occasions by King George V. and Queen Mary. The remaining coloured picture is of the motor-wagonette built by Hooper's for King Edward VII. as long ago as 1903. It is interesting to observe that this is the same shade of maroon, picked out in red, as the latest State Daimlers, and, like them, the upholstery is in royal blue. It is amusing to note that this royal car had a folding leather hood, but no windscreen!

NÜRBURG RING RE-OPENS.

After many weeks of work on the North Curve, the Nürburg Ring, Germany's famous motor-racing track in the Eifel Mountains, has now been reopened. The two big events of the coming season will be the International Eifel Competition on June 13, and the race for the Grand Prix of Germany on July 25. The Nürburg Ring will celebrate the tenth anniversary of its opening on June 18 this year. It has a total length of about eighteen miles, in the form of a figure of eight; one lap involving the negotiation of 172 curves. Private cars may drive over the track on payment of a small sum.



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DEFENSIVE BIDS.

I SAID last week that defensive bids—by which I mean defensive opening bids—are a necessity at contract bridge. Now I go further and say that they would have been an outstanding feature of the game long ago, had it not been for the fact that contractors are cowards! I don't mean to say they are afraid of being penalised, or of losing hundreds of points on the play of the hand: both these things they do with the greatest ease and composure, but they are terrified at being accused of making a bad bid, especially of making a bad opening bid—that is to say, of making an unorthodox opening bid; shall we say, a bid on less than "two and a half"?

Now, let me repeat—for I don't want to be misunderstood on this subject—that defensive opening bids have no slam suggestions, no hopes of game, little or no hopes of even a partial score—in fact, the expectation is to make a loss! What, then, is the idea? Simply to confuse opponents—to push them off a slam or game call, and, if either is bid, to make that contract as difficult as possible. One thing is a certainty: if partner of a defensive bidder could be told to keep his mouth shut, the net profit on defensive openings would be very large. But how to keep partner quiet I don't know; then how to keep partner quiet on an opening bid of three, or on a psychic, I don't know, nor does anybody else, either, yet these bids are made—not only that, they are recognised as sound opening bids. Yet the profitable and, as I say, the necessary opening bid, a bid of one on nothing (nothing from a text-book point of view), has not been introduced into the game—it has not even been considered as a side-issue of the game. Would that a Culbertson would take up this subject! I would like Ely himself to take it up, for he can evolve every method for bidding great big offensive hands in the most ingenious manner; then do let him evolve a method for bidding poor little defensive hands. This, to be sure, means a system, and I dislike systems; but I fear a system of some sort would have to be set up to cope with defensive opening bids, mainly to shut off partner.

Just consider my proposition. There is no denying that many games would be saved if the original leader did not have to guess what to lead. Thus, if you make an opening bid—say, one heart—and the play goes to the player on your left, then your partner can lead a heart without killing either his own or your hand; if the play goes to the player on your right, then, should your partner be lucky enough ever to get in, he will at least have some idea what his best play is. And I would have you remember that if there is a big hand against you, opponents will bid (and make) game anyhow, so that, at any rate, if your defensive bid has done no good, it has done no harm. I would also have you remember that a great many big hands will not be bid either to a slam or a game, simply because you *have* made an opening bid—therefore your defensive call has done a lot of good. So far, there is not much against these bids, but wait a minute; we will now consider the other side, which is the only way of looking at any proposition—at least, so I think, although most writers only look on the bright side of their propositions.

You open the bidding in spades, hearts, clubs, or diamonds on Q, Kn, 10, x, x, and an outside ace or king, queen. Your partner cannot make a single trick; very well, you are three down—150; if doubled, 500; 300 or 800 doubled if vulnerable. That is about the worst that can happen, and it is the most unexpected—a result which you 'll hit about once in 100 shots. I mean the loss of the high penalty, for remember the bid must be doubled, and the double must be left in. The minor penalties don't matter. In the meantime, you have saved a game and possibly a slam, so even when partner does hold a "bust," the bid is not too unsound. But again wait: there may be worse; partner may not be trickless; the better he is, the worse, for he will go on bidding, and then, on a high contract doubled, you will indeed crash. And even that is not the worst, for when you do crash on a defensive opening, all partnership confidence will be lost—that is to say, your partner will never trust you again. Now, this is just what I want to avoid; this is where I would like a Culbertson to step in—to invent a system whereby these unhappy results may not follow defensive opening bids.

I will give my own suggestions next week, and in the meantime, here is a double-dummy problem—

	Spades—8. Hearts—A, 10, 9, 8, 7. Clubs—None. Diamonds—Q.		
	B		
Spades—None. Hearts—6. Clubs—K, 9, 8, 7. Diamonds—7, 6.	Y	Z	Spades—Kn, 7. Hearts—Kn. Clubs—None. Diamonds—Kn, 10, 9, 8.
	A		
	Spades—9. Hearts—5. Clubs—Q, Kn, 10, 5, 4. Diamonds—None.		

Spades are trumps. A to lead and make six tricks.

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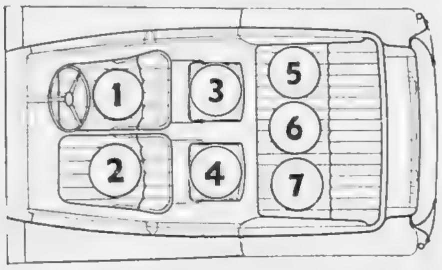

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FACE VALUE.

[Continued from Page 508.)

and gasping in the cold breeze, and after the briefest possible rub-down, he changed rapidly into a dry suit, which he extracted from the case. From the same source he withdrew a pair of shoes, a muffler, and a cap. After donning these, he thrust the wet clothes he had just removed into the case and fastened the lid down.

At last he was ready. Carrying the case, he climbed cautiously up the sloping embankment, keeping well within the shadow of the bridge, and a minute later he was in the narrow roadway, where the grim warehouses frowned silently down upon him. He glanced at his watch—it had stopped, of course. Annoying; he should have put it in the suit-case before jumping into the river. A good watch spoiled.

Hurrying forward along the gloomy footpath, he smiled suddenly. Fancy being annoyed about a ruined watch—with nearly thirty thousand pounds in his suit-case! Funny how one's very instincts responded to habit. Wealth would take a bit of getting used to for a man who customarily talked in thousands and thought in pounds.

He felt elated by his success. The overcoat which he had discarded on the bridge prior to his leap contained letters which would readily identify him. No doubt the authorities would become suspicious when dragging operations failed to recover his body from the river, but it would be weeks—maybe months—before they could be sure; and within a few hours he would have become an entirely different man. Nothing could go wrong now.

Nevertheless, when he turned a corner and saw Milburn's car parked against the curb he experienced a sensation of intense relief. Milburn was seated at the wheel, and Hobson sprang in beside him. The engine was running in readiness, and the car shot forward almost before the bank manager had time to close the door.

Milburn spoke first. "Everything all right, Mr. Hobson?"

"Fine! Not a hitch anywhere. Have you got rid of your housekeeper for a day or two?"

"Yes. I sent her off to her sister's for a week. Told her I'm going away on business."

"Good."

Hobson still felt cold, despite his quick walk. He wore no underwear, and there had not been time for him to change his wet socks, which squelched water into his shoes when he moved his toes. Neither man spoke again. Hobson kept the suit-case on his knees, and his hand caressed a bulge in his jacket pocket. That bulge was caused by a small revolver which he had slipped there as a precaution. Milburn had always seemed docile enough, but it was better to be sure than sorry!

Presently the car turned into the carriage-way beside Milburn's modest villa, and in a very short space of time Hobson was seated before a glowing fire in the lounge, drinking a stiff whisky. His circulation was fully restored, and he was wearing a warm outfit of Milburn's winter-weight underwear—and dry socks!

On the carpet beside him rested the suit-case. He had lied to Milburn, saying he possessed practically no ready money, and claiming that the case contained bonds and securities which he could convert into cash within the next few days—then, when Milburn had completed his part of the bargain, he would pay him his three thousand pound fee in cash. He had half-expected the surgeon to insist upon payment in advance, but he had not done so. In fact, the readiness with which he had agreed to Hobson's suggestion made the latter feel rather uneasy.

Hobson fingered the gun in his pocket. If Milburn *should* try any monkey tricks . . . Still, what was there he could do? What was there that he *dare* do? If Hobson were caught and charged with the theft, he need only open his mouth and Milburn would be involved almost as much as himself.

The door opened and Milburn, wearing a surgeon's white coat, entered. "Are you ready, Mr. Hobson?"

"Quite."

"Will you come this way, then?"

He might have been speaking to a patient whom he had never seen before in his life. Hobson felt slightly nervous; felt as if he needed the comfort of reassurance. He wished the fellow wouldn't be so damned formal.

Milburn led the way into his surgery. It was furnished in the usual way—a desk, cupboards, a bookcase, a glass-topped table. On the table stood one or two bottles, syringes, surgical instruments, and a small spirit lamp. The surgeon waved Hobson to a chair and turned to light the tiny lamp.

[Continued overleaf.

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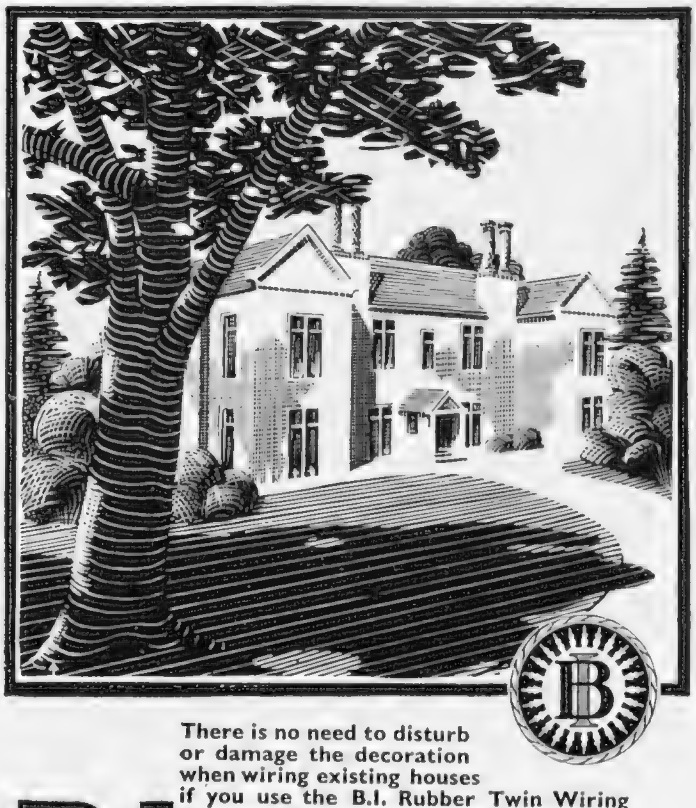

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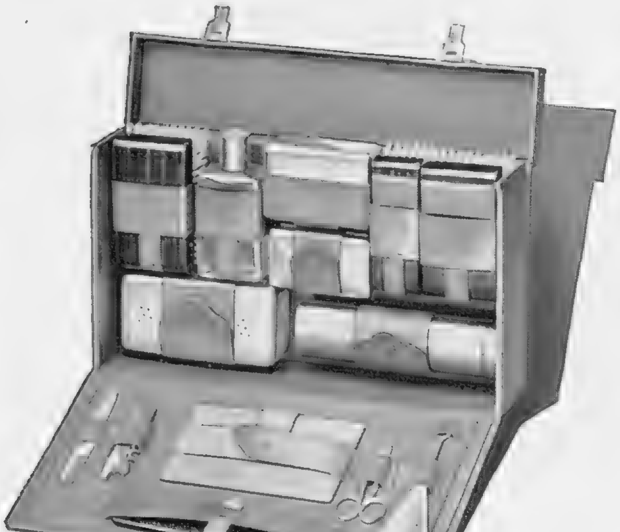

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Continued.]

Hobson had been still holding his suit-case, and he now deposited it beside his chair. Milburn's lips curled into a slight smile.

"Your suit-case would have been quite safe in the other room, Mr. Hobson."

"Possibly, but I like to be sure. By the way, I suppose there 's no chance of this job going wrong, is there ?"

"Practically none. In half an hour, I can assure you, not even your own mother will be able to recognise you."

"Excellent !" snapped Hobson. "Get going."

The surgeon injected the contents of one of the hypodermic syringes at various points beneath the skin on Hobson's face. Quickly the effects of the local anæsthetic became apparent, and within a few minutes his face felt completely numb. Milburn worked rapidly, injecting paraffin-wax under the skin, moulding new features into Hobson's face with expert fingers. Before him, propped against a book, was a photograph, at which he glanced repeatedly, standing back a few paces now and then to view the progress of his handiwork. At length he was satisfied.

He held a mirror towards Hobson, who snatched it eagerly. For a few minutes he stared intently at his reflection—a masterpiece of the plastic surgeon's art. Nothing had been drastically distorted, but every important feature had been altered slightly. Chin, lips, cheeks—even the eyebrows. The newly-created man who sat in Hobson's chair was far more handsome than Hobson ever had been, and the slight stretching of the skin, caused by the wax injections, had removed wrinkles and produced a face at least ten years younger in appearance.

If Milburn expected praise he was to be disappointed.

"M-m. Seems all right," commented Hobson, through lips still "frozen." "By Jove, my face aches, though."

"Yes, it will do so for a few hours. If you wish, I will give you something to help you to sleep, Mr.—er—*Williams*."

Hobson grinned painfully, and eyed the suit-case.

"No, thanks," he answered. "I reckon I 'll keep awake to-night, *Doctor* Mincktrop Milburn."

By next morning Hobson had recovered sufficiently to go out, rent a deposit safe, and leave his ill-gotten wealth in it. Then he returned to the doctor's house, where he proposed to remain for a week until the slight scars left by his "operation" had healed up.

On the evening of the sixth day the doctor spoke to him about his fee.

"Oh, yes," said Hobson, a trifle pompously, "I 've been thinking, y'know, Milburn. Three thousand 's a ridiculous figure for half an hour's work and a week's board and lodging. I think if we said—ah—two hundred pounds, you 'd be very well paid."

"On the contrary"—the doctor's mild voice was firm; his steel-grey eyes never faltered as he looked at the big ex-bank manager—"on the contrary, *I* have decided that my fee, as originally fixed, is totally inadequate. This somewhat—er—doubtful business has been very distasteful to me, as you know, and I feel that with money—with an *adequate* supply of money—I might make some sort of atonement to mankind. I don't know quite how this could be brought about, yet. Research, perhaps. Or even a small institution, built at my expense and devoted to——"

"Look here," interrupted Hobson angrily, "don't talk rot! You 'll take whatever I choose to give you. Nobody would recognise me now, and if *you* tried to give me away—well, you know how far *you 're* implicated."

The doctor calmly produced an envelope from his pocket.

"I expected this, so I took a precaution."

"What d'you mean ?"

The doctor extracted a photograph from the envelope, and handed it to Hobson. The latter started.

"Why, this is a photograph of myself, as I am now !" he gasped.

"No," said Milburn. "It is a photograph of the man whose features you now bear."

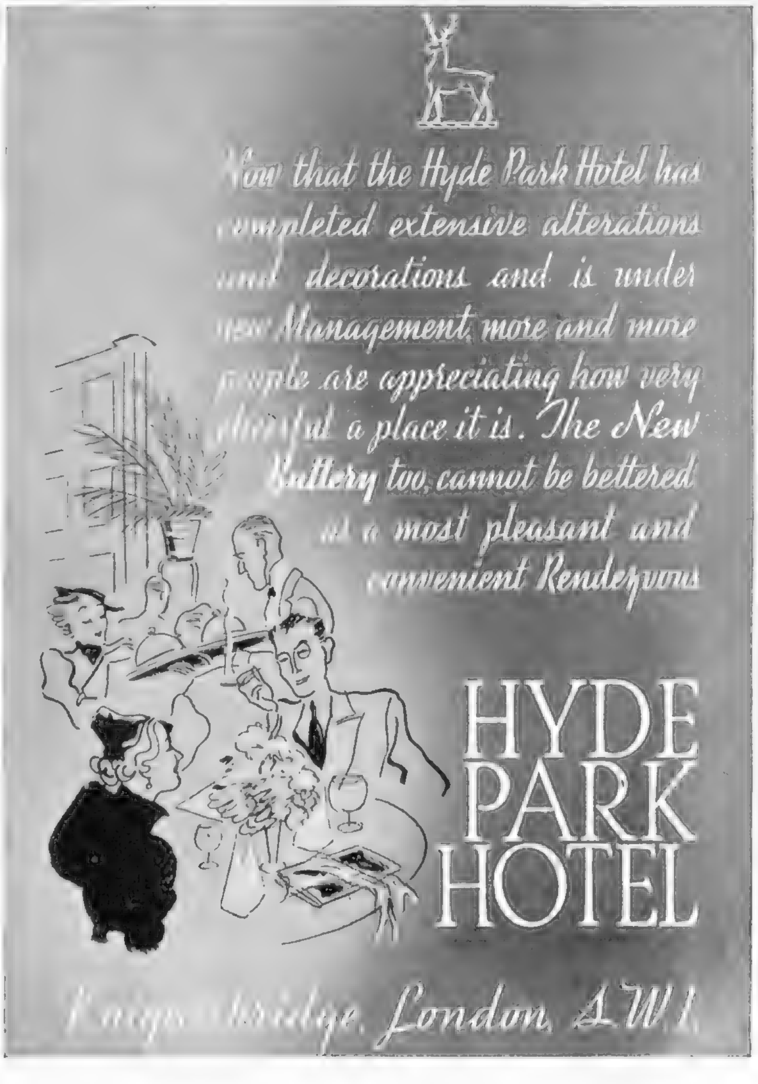
"What the blazes are you drivelling about ?"

"Simply this. Using this photograph as a guide, I have modelled your face as an exact copy of that of another man who is still living. An unfortunate error on my part which can, of course, be corrected by means of another slight operation. My fee for this will be twenty-seven thousand pounds, *payable in advance !*"

"You 're mad !" gasped Hobson. "Who is this man ?"

The doctor smiled. "Laurence Xenophan Williams, wanted for two years on a charge of murder. I think," he added, as Hobson's hand went to his side pocket, "I think you had better give that gun to me. If it went off you 'd be in rather a fix, wouldn't you ?"

THE END.



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A POSTSCRIPT BY MARIEGOLD.

IN the hurry and whirl of parties, art has not been forgotten by society in general or Mariegold in particular! In Lord Zetland's absence, Lord Methuen took me on a round tour at the pre-view of the British Country Life Exhibition in aid of the National Trust, for which the Duke of Westminster has lent 39, Grosvenor Square.

The rooms are full of fascinating relics of the life of the mansion, the farm, and the village in old England—and the show provides much for overseas Coronation visitors to meditate on. Many paintings and drawings are on view, including some lent by the King, and others which have never before been shown publicly. There is a rare landscape by Lawrence, whose fame rests on his work as a portrait-painter; a charming Devis of Lady Caroline, daughter of the last Duke of Chandos, in a radiant yellow satin gown, fishing with gusto in a river, while at her feet lie some "tiddlers" which she has managed to pull out! This hangs above the well-known Gainsborough of "Robert Andrews and His Wife," a brace of elegants in a country scene. The two pictures make an ideal pair, both being painted under so much the same technique—the careful landscape and the meticulous figures.

MISS CHERRY COTTRELL *and* MR. NIALL MACGINNIS *play Vera and Bieliaev, the student, in the revival of "A Month in the Country," at the Westminster. Miss Cottrell is seen in her original part, but in the first production Mr. Stephen Murray played Bieliaev.*

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY," *the translation by Professor M. S. Mandell from the Turgenev play, produced last autumn at the Westminster, has been revived at the same theatre. Here* MISS GILLIAN SCAIFE *and* MR. CECIL TROUNCER *are seen as Natalia Petrovna and Ignati Ilich Shpigelski, the country doctor.*

. . . . .

Large numbers of sporting pictures will inform those who don't know that the basis of English country life is sport. There are works by James Seymour (of whom it was said, "no man ever drew the leg of a horse so well"), George Stubbs, Ben Marshall, Ferneley, and others; many paintings of country seats, including a large and fine one of Longleat by Jan Siberechts. There are two rooms of lovely drawings by Rowlandson and others, and a very fine Cotman harvest scene with a number of figures introduced. There are also harpsichords, wonderful porcelain tea-sets, and less elegant objects, such as the blacksmith's teeth-extractors, and a horrible antique man-trap found in the woods at Corsham.

A party was given by Lord Lothian to celebrate the opening of the show and in honour of the Committee and those who have lent objects. Lord Esher, Lord and Lady Malmesbury, Lord and Lady Methuen, Lady Napier, Sir Robert and Lady Witt, Mr. Campbell Dodgson, and other people of notable importance in the art world were present. I also saw Miss Gertrude Kingston, whose book of reminiscences, "Curtsey While You're Thinking" (see "Alice in Wonderland" if you can't get the title!), has had such good reviews; and Sir Reginald and Lady Pinney, who have lent the amusing perambulator with an enormous wheel, which was used by Mrs. Coleridge and Mrs. Wordsworth.

Professor Richardson, who is on the Selection Committee of the Royal Academy, was most amusing about the Georgian kitchen downstairs, for which he collected so many exhibits. He said cookery was one of the most important things in life—people even went to the length of marrying their cook! It was his idea to have the kitchen, and it was wonderful to find in this more or less modern London house a really George I. (1715) kitchen.

. . . . .

My spy in France reports: "After several lean seasons, Paris is scintillating. So much goes on that the week-end visitor finds it impossible to 'make sense' after the first five minutes, during which the telephone rings incessantly, asking him or her to cocktails, to lunches 'inaugurating' this or that pavilion at the Exhibition, which is opening *petit à petit* ('French without tears' for 'little by little'), and to dance at Bagatelle, appropriately trellised with roses. Soon *boîtes* at the Exhibition will rival this new snob-nest, especially the prettily-named Nid des Oiseaux (birds, dear) above the Pavillon de la Parure, which is built like a hangar, so provides M. Rey, of Ritz fame, with a flat roof for his restaurant, as well as a free hand. Prince Jean-Louis de Faucigny-Lucinge, of the Monte Carlo high-spirits committee, is organising the luxury refreshment-cum-dancing aspect of the British sector. His keenest, also friendliest, rivals, apart from the well-beloved M. Rey, are the Argentines, whose barge has been decorated by Berard, creator of those lovely sets we saw in 'Margot.' These three will accommodate the orchid and chinchilla trade between them.

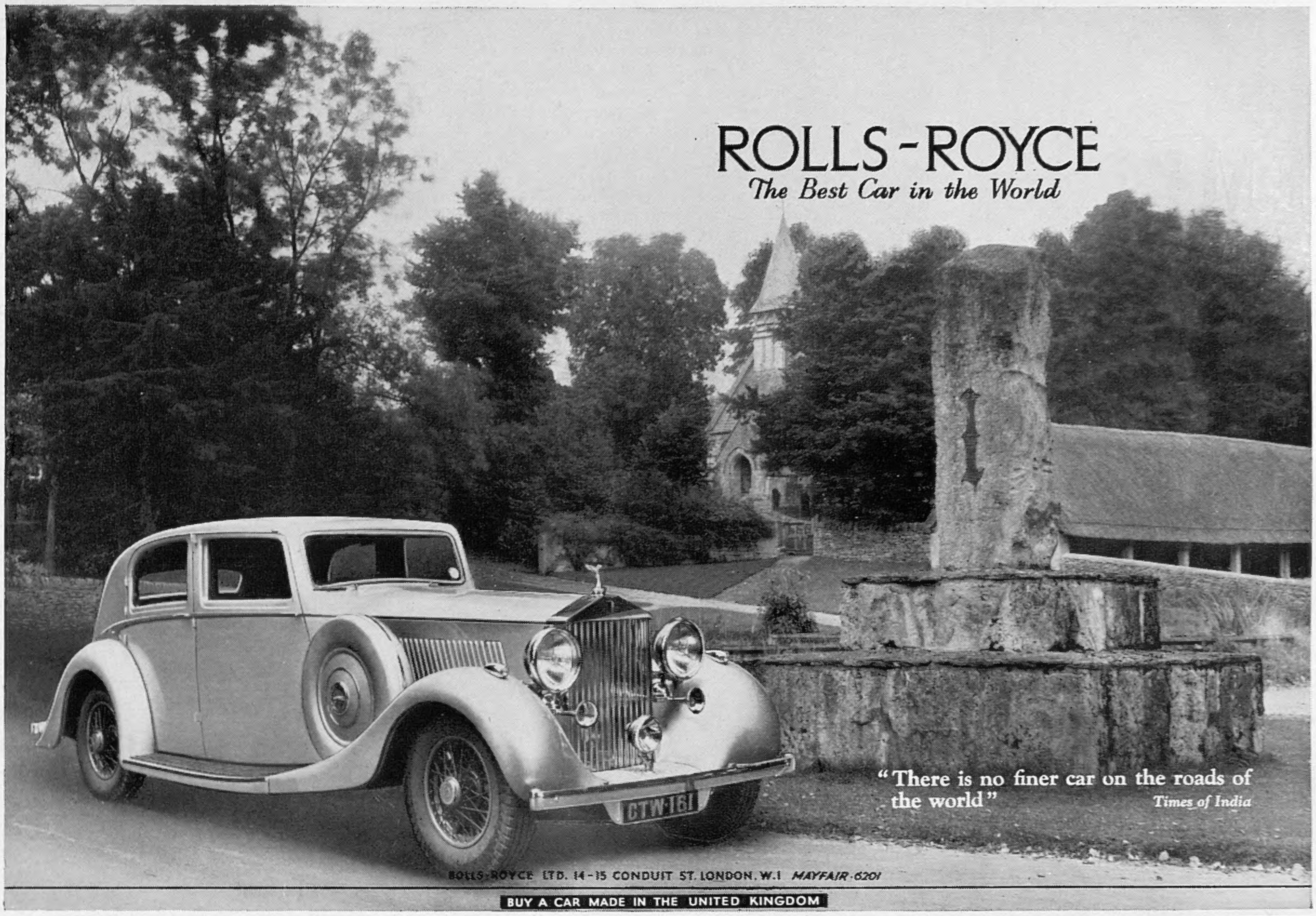
. . . . .

"In the recent heat-wave, Ritz meals were eaten in the gardens on both sides of the house. The Ralph Hankés, the Max Ausnits (he's Rumanian oil, she's Bucharest's best-dressed woman), and the 'Bunker' Vincents from Biarritz were there; also Lady Stanley, talking to Mrs. Charlie Winn, who, like Mrs. Rose Horlick, rarely emerges from behind black glasses. Lunching in the court-yard

[Continued overleaf.

THEIR HIGHNESSES THE PRINCE *and* PRINCESS OF BERAR *and their baby son,* WALASHAN PRINCE MUKKARAM JAH BAHADUR, *are among the important visitors to London in Coronation season. The Prince of Berar is the Crown Prince of Hyderabad and heir to the Nizam of Hyderabad. His wife is a daughter of the ex-Caliph of Turkey.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY SOPER.



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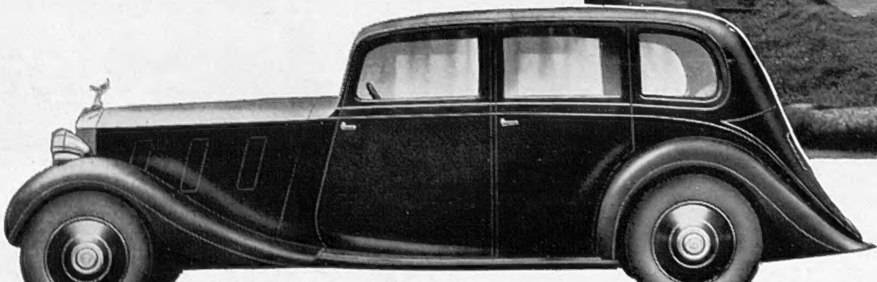

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Continued.]

of the Georges V. we saw Comtesse de Salverte (owner of those miraculous pearls), who is coming over for Ascot; and with Ivo Reid was pretty 'Lascie' McClure-Gudewill, from Canada. Later the Ausnits turned up at Longchamp with Sir Robert Throckmorton, who refused stoically to complain of the great heat. Garden-party prints and big hats forecast Ascot. We hope the Begum will wear her vivid, shiny straw again, and that Mrs. 'Gerry' Emanuel's black and white flowered satin has further appearances ahead. We observed that stockings are much lighter, and that well-knowns are wearing a large, flat, Chinese hat in very coarse straw with a plaited velvet rim—Mme. Bagge (white), Comtesse Gaston de la Rochefoucauld (black), and Princesse de Faucigny-Lucinge (purplish-blue). Mme. Robert Revel, most elegant of all French racing women, wore a butterfly on the hair side of her hat, if you know what we mean, and her black chiffon dress had butterflies inserted now and again.

. . . . . .

"After Longchamp, those who had not melted, repaired to polo at Bagatelle for the Coupe Princesse Alexandre de Grèce, given by 'Aspasia.' Mr. Hugh Lloyd Thomas, Dudley Frost, Baron Schroeder, Robert Gautier (whose cocktail-party was full of beauties), and Comte de Zogheb were playing, or thinking about it. Matches don't begin with quite the same punctuality as at Roehampton, but nobody minds—least of all the ponies—in a heat-wave. Comtesse de Zogheb (Gabrielle Dorziat) couldn't watch her husband, as it was matinée day and she is Clytemnestre in Jean Giraudoux's 'Electre'—the most remarkable and cerebral play of the season, superbly mounted, acted, and written. It says much for the French public that, however hot the nights, this serious *tour de force*, which calls for mental gymnastics in its audience, is packed. Luckily, the Athénée is the coolest theatre in Paris. The only other play for which you have need to book ahead stars Yvonne Printemps plus Pierre Fresnay. Guitry's Exhibition year revue, with the adorable Arletty and his well-dressed Delubac, opens to-night, June 9."

. . . . . .

To return to London. A good many people begin their evenings by going to Covent Garden, and when the music 's over they start the dancing or the reception-round! At least, they do this with the Italian operas, like "Falstaff," but I can hardly believe that, after the emotional thrills of a superb performance of "Götterdämmerung" or "Siegfried," even the hardiest constitution could permit one to enjoy half a dozen other entertainments. On Tuesday night, when the second cycle of "The Ring" was concluded, with a really wonderful performance in which Melchior, Kirsten Flagstad, and Kerstin Thorborg were all singing at the very top of their form, the house was absolutely packed.

Sir Gerald Chichester, private secretary to Queen Mary, occupied the Royal Box with a party of friends, and Lady Mansfield, lovely as ever, with a red coat, and no jewels in her beautifully dressed hair, was in her accustomed box with Lord Mansfield. The Austrian Minister was in Lady Cunard's box, and I saw Lady Heathcote, the handsome wife of Sir Gilbert Heathcote, of Bighton, with some friends in another box. Lady Alice Mahon sat in her usual place—the front row of the stalls—and Mrs. Chester Beatty, Mrs. Fergus Macnaghten, Lady Maugham, and her artist daughter, Mrs. Earl, were other well-knowns I encountered. Mrs. Earl, by the way, is having an exhibition of her pastels (portraits, landscapes, and flower pictures) from June 7 to 11, at 20, Curzon Street. Admission is free, but catalogues are being sold for the benefit of the S.O.S. Society for Unemployed Men. Mrs. Earl has done a number of portraits of well-known people, and the show is likely to be very interesting.

. . . . . .

Before leaving the subject of Covent Garden, I expect everyone noticed that Grane, the famous charger belonging to Brünnhilde, was this year reintroduced into the production of "Die Götterdämmerung," and that the animal walked across the stage to the funeral pyre with a somewhat stately gait. Grane's rôle was this year played by a retired hunter named Norah, who is extremely enthusiastic about her stage appearances and is one of the pets of the Opera House. The stars all make a great fuss with her, and she receives many gifts from the famous in the form of lumps of sugar and other tit-bits!

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PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"JUDGMENT DAY" (Strand). 8.30.—Trial and counter-revolution in totalitarian State. Tense action; brilliant acting by the whole cast, especially Catherine Lacey, Ronald Adam, Freda Jackson, Glynis Johns.

"A MONTH IN THE COUNTRY" (Westminster). 8.30.—Turgeniev's brilliant comedy, with Gillian Scaife and Scott Sunderland.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Brontë thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"PAGANINI" (Lyceum). 8.30.—Operette with music by Franz Lehar, with Richard Tauber in full song, and Evelyn Laye.

"THE CONSTANT WIFE" (Globe). 8.30.—Somerset Maugham's witty play, with Ruth Chatterton as the wife.

"BLACK LIMELIGHT" (Duke of York's). 8.30.—Margaret Rawlings as wife and wanton, in the solution of a sensational murder.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne, with a thrilling finish.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"BIG BUSINESS" (Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Savoy). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

"STORM IN A TEACUP" (Leicester Square Theatre).—A lively and well-acted version of the successful stage comedy.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"I MET HIM IN PARIS." (Carlton).—Claudette Colbert's new picture.

"SHALL WE DANCE?" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers at the top of their form.

"DER AMMENKOENIG" (Studio One).—Entertaining German comedy adapted from Max Dreyer's banned play.

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"WINGS OF THE MORNING" (New Gallery).—The first British all-Technicolor picture, with Annabella, Henry Fonda, and Leslie Banks.

"TAKE MY TIP" (Gaumont).—A gay Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge farce.

"YOU ONLY LIVE ONCE" (London Pavilion).—Henry Fonda and Sylvia Sidney in a grim melodrama directed by Fritz Lang.

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., Milford Lane, London, W.C.2; and Published Weekly at the Office, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. WEDNESDAY, JUNE 9, 1937. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903. Agents for Australasia, Gordon and Gotch, Ltd. Branches: Melbourne, Sydney, Brisbane, Adelaide, and Perth, W.A.; Christchurch, Wellington, Auckland, and Dunedin, N.Z.; Launceston and Hobart, Tasmania.

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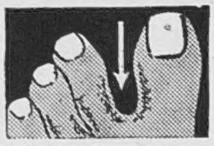

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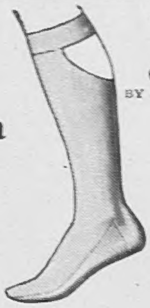

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